THE DIAL.

VOL. I. JANUARY, 1841. No. III.

MAN IN THE AGES.

THE ages have presented man in a two-fold aspect, as man, as not man. Human things, constitutions, politics, laws, religions, all have gone, either on the fact, rather we might say, have grown out of the intrinsic reality of man's individual worth, or else, and contrary to this, on the tacit assumption of man's individual worthlessness. With the one, man, the living soul, the individual in his sole being, is more than king, noble, hierarch, church, or state; not he theirs or for them, but they nothing save for him; with the other, state, church, hierarch, noble, king, each is more than man; he theirs and for them, he little or nothing save as a fraction of the general order, a part and instrument of the whole. Lactantius has preserved to us a quaint illustration, which he refers to an earlier antiquity than his own, in which the course of each man is compared to the letter Y, and as he comes forward into action, through the point whence it divides itself into two branches, he passes either in the direction of the one, or in that of the other, through sin to death, or through holiness to life. The ages of our race have presented a like divergency. They have parted off in a direction congruous to man's true nature, or into a direction incongruous and contrary to it, verging and branching out, now toward hell, now toward heaven.

These divergencies, whence are they? Not out of time, which rolls over man as a flood; not out of place, which surrounds him everywhere; not out of any outward power

clusive privilege of the scholar. May it help to diffuse more widely the pure love of beauty, the spirit of contemplation, and the clear perception of moral good, which alone can save our age!

Ueber Shakspeare's dramatische Kunst und sein Verhältniss zu Calderon und Goethe. Von Dr. Hermann Ulrici. Halle.

In this work the author gives a succinct history of the English Drama up to the time of Shakspeare, thus putting the reader in possession of the poet's point of sight; a picture of the age in which he lived, when the pomp of the middle ages acted strongly on the mind set free by the Protestant Reformation. Then follows an account of the poet's life, and the greater part of the book is devoted to "a development of Shakspeare's poetic vision of the world." This book is spoken of in the Halle Allgemeine Literatur Zeitung in terms of high commendation. The author has the "Philosophic depth," which we vainly look for in Schlegel's criticism of the great poet.

Geschichte des Urchristenthums durch A. Fr. Gfrörer, Professor Bibliothekar in Stuttgart. I. Das Jahrhundert des Heils. 2 vols. 8vo. II. Die Heilige Sage. 2 vols. 8vo. III. Das Heiligthum und die Wahrheit. Stuttgart. 1838–1840.

Professor Gfrörer is the author of another work, "Philo und die Alexandrinische Theosophie," which he regards as the vestibule of his present edifice. In the early volumes, as we understand, he attempts to derive Christianity from the Essenes, but in the latter, obeying the public cry against Strauss, he attempts to find its origin in Jesus. It appears to be a work of great pretensions and little merit, if we may judge from two able articles upon it, one in the Berlin Jahrbücher, and the other in the Halle Allg. Literatur Zeitung.

Rabbinische Quellen und Parallelen zu neutestamentlichen Stellen mit Benutzung der Schriften von Lightfoot, Wetstein Meuschen, Schöttgen, Danz etc. Zusammengestellt von F. Nork. Leipzig. 8vo.

This is the last production of a writer formerly hostile to Christianity. His real name is Korn; he has been a Jewish Priest, but has lately come over to Christianity.

Der Somnambulismus von Prof. Friedr. Fischer. in Basel. Vol. I. Das Schlafwandeln und die Vision. Vol. II. Der thierische Magnetismus. Vol. III. Das Hellsehen und die Besessenheit. 8vo.

Historische Entwickelung der speculativen Philosophie von Kant bis Hegel. Zu naherer Verständisgung des wissenschaftlichen Publicums mit der neuesten Schule dargestellt, von Heinrich Chalybäus. 2d edition. 8vo. Dresden. Moritz.

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pressing on him by laws of adamantine necessity; not out of such things exterior to his being. They are of himself, tendencies in his own nature to the high and the low, the true and the false, the free and the servile, the divine and the demoniac. The ages of man are not centuries of time or chronological periods of fact — history. They are the garments spun and woven out of man's own nature to clothe him with, which he wears till they are outworn, then drops off for a new robe, likewise self-evolved. Their quality is of course one with the nature out of which they grow. The robes are as the filaments, these latter as the interior life, out of which they are drawn.

The Fall of Man — that first great evolving of the lower nature, wherein his essential worth is lost in admiration and pursuit of something exterior — a mystery, which all nations hold in uncertain tradition, and of which the earliest records, even those of the Hebrew Scriptures, give but a very general notice — is indeed his fall; his fall from a spiritual preeminence over outward things into a vicious servitude to nature and outward things. The highest transcendentalism, reviled as it is, for soaring so far above the reach of humanity into the midst of remote skyey vapors, has never yet been able to soar up to the level of man's true height and destiny. It is the pure etherial region of spirit, spirit that quickens and reduces to one all that exists, wherein man has his true life and abode. There spirit is all; phenomena of sense are but phantasms. The man lives within, and the inward life communicates itself to all without. God is first, dwelling in the soul, making body and nature his temple and his vesture. The soul converses first with God, through him with the world and itself. His fall is from this high state. He sinks from God under the world, from faith to sight, from spirit to flesh, from freedom to servitude. The ancient Grecians had an expressive mode of representing such servitude in any of its instances, saying that the man is less than pleasure, less than money, less than whatever it be which enthrals him. In his fall, we may likewise say, man becomes less than nature, less than the world, less than the body. Now, the very moment this depression of the true manhood begins, that moment begins the merging of soul, of individual worth, in exterior worthless appendages. The

tree of knowledge of good and evil — call it what you will; the whole wonderful narrative symbolizes this one thing, free spirit enslaved to sensual nature, soul lessened below flesh. The permanent *I* subjects and enthrals itself to the changeful MINE: all which can be brought within the compass of this same MINE is sought rather than the being and growth of the MYSELF. Such Man's first debasement, fountain of all his reputed worthlessness, in the successions of the ages.

In an Abel we have a type of the rise and return of the soul to its true dignity. He is the man, the soul living in faith; that is the highest to be said of any man. But he stands almost solitary. Cain and his sons, morally his sons I mean, predominate as examples of all who prefer man's appendages to man, that is, sight to faith, nature to soul, flesh to spirit. Plato proposes as a fundamental principle of political institutions, that the soul shall be deemed of highest worth, the body next, property third and least. With reason, for soul alone is absolute being, the other two but relative contingencies, body least remote, property farthest off. Those men and those human things, which have Cain for their prototype, reverse the Platonic maxim; with them body or property, we can hardly say which, is first and second, soul third, and either least, or, as some improvements of these later ages have taught us, nothing. Now and then, as in an Enoch or a Noah, man develops himself in his manhood above its appendages and accidents, strong in the strength of an inward life. But Noah is left alone. Universal corruption, unchecked, nay, cherished, diffused, is in the severe phrase of Tacitus, the *sæculum*, the age, the morality of the times, into which others thrust themselves to be festive, frolicksome beasts, spending their mirth or rage upon the dreaming bigot, who fancies there is such a life as spirit, and dares to preach the obsolete doctrine of righteousness. The age ends, as we might look for, in violence filling it. Other end it could not have. Truth, Good, Rectitude; this is infinite, and infinite to each and all. Thing, property, appendage, this is finite, and can come but in crumbling fragments to each and all. The more perfectly the inward self is developed in forms of faith and love and uprightness, the better it is for all; the infinite of right and good is as boundless and

accessible as ever to each new man, like light which no man may appropriate, but it may be whole in every one. Nay, the revelation of this inexhaustible infinitude, open to all, is in each succeeding instance a new communication of blessedness; so that always,

> "By an office, though particular,
> Virtue's whole common-weal obliged are;
> For in a virtuous act all good men share."

The contrary with whatever is accidental and finite. Property is not only appropriation but exclusion; in what proportion it holds, in that repelling; what it keeps in itself, that keeping away from all others. In proportion as the havings of an individual become great and extended, himself meantime less than they, not their lord but their servant, does he either diminish the havings or cross the wishes of his neighbor, who seeks with the same desire the same things as he. The more land, for example, he has within a given space, the less is there of course for another; and although the greater growth of his own cannot lessen the growth of his neighbor's absolutely, yet it does lessen it relatively, and he is so much the more rival or superior to him in amount of riches. So in the arts. He who does but embody in song or sculpture his own idea of beauty, for the love of infinite beauty, loses nothing, but enriches himself and others, though some other bard utter melodies, some other sculptor produce forms, beautiful as his own; but he who cherishes these divine arts, not as the effluences of his own soul, but for what of praise or money they may bring, feels himself injured in every rival, loses whatever another gains, and is high just as others are relatively low. Thus it is in all things. Whence emulations, whence extortions, whence oppressions, whence strifes, whence violence. What is infinite in man, man himself, is merged in exterior things, finite and mutually repulsive; which things, as feudal lords, draw out the whole train of vassal thoughts to potent or cunning warfare. So was it with man in his first age, dimly known to us as antediluvian; and the record of the flood bears in it that everlasting testimony, which God has left, that one soul, living in faith and truth, is of higher worth than nature and the world.

This first age is substantially the type of every other. Say but this at any given instant, 'Longer is it now than formerly, since man lived evolving the ages; more men are now in the world, new habitations, trades, cities, new names;' and you have said the whole. As vapors these, fair children of sun and water, ever-changing, always one, now just steaming up out of river or fountain, now lying thin over low ground, now resting heavy on hills, now gathering into thick clouds, now black like night, now again shining out in all hues, one in each, the same earthly element, obeying the same skyey powers. The one human nature, thus endlessly modifying itself, we recognise in the two forms into which it perpetually goes out — Society, Worship. Society, instead of being as political fiction-makers would have us think, a cunning device, a thing of compact, grounded on a self-interest ascertained by experience, is in fact the first natural growth of the human instinct. Put two men together, or two thousand, or a million, and they will not live one day separate persons; they will flow like so many confluent streams into one centre, and seek after that unceasing goal of human effort, the realization of that unity pervading the whole, whereof each individual is a type in himself. So for worship. The apprehension of infinitude, the idea of eternity, the sentiment of reverence, is rooted in the depth and heart of man's soul. All toils of the flesh to root it out are vain. But the pure spiritual principle corrupted, Society becomes forthwith the organization of despotism, Worship the act of superstition. This process grows out of fixed law. Through greater strength or cunning, one man will seize and hold more than another; each inlet to gain will be self-multiplying; possessions will be enlarged, transmitted. By this accumulation of wealth and power, the stronger man will come to appropriate what another has to himself, ultimately to subdue his neighbors, and become their lord, their chief, their king, their tyrant. Come to worship. The idea which is left of God passes of course into kindred and affinity with the spirit thus lessened below the flesh, with the soul living an outward life. Divinity, of which man's inward nature is the image, will be mixed with these lower elements of humanity to which it has no true correspondence. Such is fact of history. So-

ciety soon after the flood appears in the aspect of vassalage to exterior power; worship in the aspect of perverted reverence to gods, shaped according to the fleshliness of man's lower nature. An arbitrary king represents the oneness of society; a bodily god, the oneness of the universe. Absolute monarchy absorbs society, fragmentary polytheism pollutes worship, hierarchal rights take the place of individual faith and love. If we might refer to the three forms of government, into which society shapes itself for the expression of its unity, we may say that monarchy and aristocracy come nearest to the representation of the appendage; democracy nearest to the representation of the man. Or if we look to the different systems of religion, although perhaps all surpass institutions of polity, yet it is only Christianity which stands forth as a faith and worship of the soul within itself, for itself; which finds in individual man the beginning and end of humanity; which takes off crowns, gowns, robes of state, all outward appendages, and sees nowhere on earth, king, noble, priest, master, slave, but man and only man. Quite unlike man reflected by the ages. In them we have Hebrew, Egyptian, Chaldean, Persian, Grecian, Roman, Gothic, Frank, Saxon, English, and the like, not man. Egypt a mighty kingdom, mother of ancient wisdom; Judæa, the seat of Solomon and his successors in their glory; Chaldea, that proud imperial power; Persia, the empire of the East, which had, we might almost say, but one man; Greece renowned for war, for song, for philosophy; Rome, the emblem of compacted strength; Gothic lands, pouring out torrents of armed hosts; France, the beautiful; Germany, the strong and heavy; England, island empress; of these and such-like forms our historical ages are the apocalypse; who has condescended to remember that man is? Who thinks, as he reads Herodotus, Thucydides, Xenophon, Livy, Gibbon, Robertson, Hume, that the splendid things they point us to are but fringes and furbelows, which hide and impede the true man with their fickle flauntings? that the poorest man who tilled the banks of the Nile, or the vineyards of Palestine, or helped build the wall of Nineveh or Babylon, or walked unsung in the city of Minerva, or gazed on the triumphs of the first Cæsar, or dwelt in British or American forests, or wore wooden shoes in his fair France, is a

sublimer form than Greece or Rome ever framed or fancied?

Of the ages, so I have ventured to call them, of these evolvings of man in time, we may say what has been said of that single portion of them, political institutions, they are not created, they grow; the leaves they are and flowerings of humanity. Observe, first, they are by consequence, what man is; spiritual, when man is spiritual, sensual usually, because man has been oftener sensual. Observe, secondly, they react upon man, shaping him to themselves. Thus the very leaves and flowers, which grow out of the tree, have their effluences into the air which hastens or retards vegetation, and even when they die, pass into the soil which sustains the root and aid in a new growth. Every thing indeed, which lives, besides its own inward vitality and essence, is in its turn a source of new outgoings, not only into the things which surround it, but back also to its own root, in ministrations of good or ill. As thus their deformity bespeaks an internal disorder for its origin, so does that same deformity likewise reproduce itself, and aggravate the disorder whence it flows. Thus do the ages distort and belie man.

Religiously, we have before regarded them as formations of sensual worship; politically, as formations of forceful government. A law of works in opposition to faith and love in the former; a law of might in opposition to right and kindred sympathy in the latter. The vicious element of Popery, at the time of the Reformation, was not the Papacy, nor the vicious element of Feudalism in the middle ages the Feudal Tenure; not the fact of a church with an universal bishop, not the holding of all lands by grant of the king. Deeper the evil was than either; these, symptoms, not radical disease. Popery, so far as it went out into penances, masses, crusades, the whole aggregate of its works and forms, what mean it and they? — what the notion which they symbolized? Sanctity consisting in outward observances. The very worst age of popery was but one Christian form of this almost universal corruption. Plato contended against it in Greece as actually as Wickliffe in England, or Luther in Germany. For aught I know its first symbols were the fig-leaves sowed together in Eden. Certainly it was in the unaccepted offering of Cain.

It passed into the idolatries of the heathen, and the ancient poets are full of it in their delineations of incense and oblations, efficacious with the gods. It was Pharisaism in Christ's time among the Jews, Judaism in the Apostles' time among the Christians. While in the East, under Mohammedan form it appeared in war, or pilgrimage, or oblation, in the West, under Christian form it appeared in thousand forms of saintly merit. Reformers assailed it under the name of Popery, denominating the general evil by an occasional expression of that evil. In reality it passes into every sect — every sect indeed, so far as a sect is one of its shapes — Heathen or Jewish, Mohammedan or Christian, Popish or Protestant, so soon as faith is only the letter of a creed, and hope only the dream of reward, and love only the shadow of dead work — Feudalism, so far as it went out into proud kingship, and jealous baronies, and vassal homage, and fealty, and degrading villanage, and the whole aggregate of its social usurpations, what mean it and they? — What the notion which they symbolize? Soul which is man, bowed under strength, which is brute. Under numberless names and forms the same fact is, has been continually appearing. All ages bring it out to visibility, each in its own peculiar way. Myriad shapes are they to one form, ever-varying disclosures of one element. From the little village, where the selfish, cunning man reduces his poorer neighbors to dependance and servility, to the extended empire or commonwealth, tyrannous at home, unjust and rapacious abroad, we see this subjugation of the individual to the age, of the inward essential man to an exterior evolved force. The Jew stands by himself, strong in a fancied sanctity, and oppresses the Gentile. Which oppression the Gentile has met with reasonless scorn and unrelenting persecution. The Grecian has no other name for foreigners but barbarian, and is their enemy. To be repaid in kind by the barbarian. Within itself, Athens, that fierce democracie, holds its myriads of servants; Lacedemon, that anomalous military state, its wretched Helots; Rome, aggressor on the rights of all others, boastful of her own freedom, rears within the gates of the republic, that high wall between Patrician and Plebeian, that higher wall between freeman and bondman. Nay, the world over, the ages throughout,

beneath those deceptive words, king and subject, lord and vassal, republic and citizen, you may be sure of detecting everywhere this one vicious element, Soul bowed down beneath Force. Yet again; as all religious corruptions may be reduced to one, spirit lost in form; as all political tyrannies to one, right absorbed in might; so likewise, both these may be reduced to one, the absolute supplanted by the relative. To repeat a preceding phrase, for our one element we have Soul prostrate to Force, which Force, in worship, is misnamed God, in society, Government. God, Government! with true man, sacred names of the Divine; with false ages, desecrated titles of the Brutish.

But why dwell on the evil which the ages have disclosed? First, the topic demands it; secondly, the evil is more prominent than the good. For the present, however, I desist from this view, passing to the antagonist principle, the mysterious man at once weaving the ages out of himself, and shaking off the bonds with which he is thereby straitened and enveloped. Man is man, despite of all the lies which would convince him he is not, despite of all the strengths which would strive to unman him. There is a spirit in man, an inspiration from the Almighty. Tyrants, Hierarchs, may wish it otherwise, may try to make it otherwise. Vain wish! fruitless attempt! What is, is. The eternal is eternal; the temporary must pass it by, leaving it to stand evermore. There is now, there has been always, power among men to subdue the ages, to dethrone them, to make them mere outgoings and servitors of man. It is needed only, that we assert our prerogative, — that man do with hearty faith affirm, 'I am, in me Being is. Ages, ye come and go; appear and disappear; products, not life; vapors from the surface of the soul, not living fountain. Ye are of me, for me, not I of you, or for you. Not with you my affinity, but with the Eternal. I am; I live; spirit I have not, spirit am I.' Every man, would he be but true to himself, might in lowliness say this, and so rise to supremacy above all exterior things. Whenever one man, as a Luther, a Knox, a Milton, a Wesley, does say this, then do Kingships and Lordships, Bishopricks and Hierarchies, Popedoms and Heathenisms, then, do Universities, and Parliaments, and Priestly Dignities,

and all of man's workmanship and God's outward production, pass into brief accidents, and the self-conscious *I* is greater than they all. Shows these are, empty shows, not full, lasting entities. Nay, 't is only because in such pomps, more than in common things, Soul dreams of seeing its own infinite forms; only because disgusted with familiar, every-day trivialities, the spirit hopes here to regain its innate and diviner visions; that they reach and touch the soul, the spirit, at all. Mystery covers them; sacred words they continually speak, God, Truth, Law, Right, and mocking man draw him to homage. Well for him if he sees through the delusion, and goes back to find the divine idea in himself, and in the mirror of nature! Whence learns he to say, 'Tell me not henceforth of your Orators and Statesmen, your Priests and Scholars, your great heroes of all sorts; the true man I find to be more than any or all. Meaner things than these, houses, lands, money, what are they to me? Winged things, which light a moment on me, or pass me by, while I stand fixed in eternity. I have seen the butterfly hanging on a field-flower; shall ever the true Psyche hang for its life on shows? Let me rather control them all, make an age of my own to wear for its hour, servant to none or nothing.'

Inseparable from this principle of antagonism to corrupt ages is that essential element of spirit, Freedom. All things in the universe come under one or other of these two categories, freedom or servitude. Two grounds are there of all changes, mind, force. Freedom, of mind; Servitude, of Force. All which comes within the domain of sense is subject to the latter, to the mechanism of necessity; all which is within the sphere of spirit we assign to the former, the spontaneous life of freedom. The ages are complex. So far as wrought out of man's mechanical nature, they come under the laws of necessity; so far as the working of his spiritual power, they are out of the compass of those laws, free deeds, not fixed doom. This divine element unfolds itself, in every high, noble impulse of the internal being, and can never be wholly destroyed. The two ideas, spirit, freedom, are inseparable, as shadowed forth in their type, the wind, breathing at will over mountain or valley, land or water. Which inward Freedom is the archetype of all liberty. State, Church, family,

individual, is free just in proportion as this archetypal freedom dwells and develops itself from within, in opposition to necessity constraining, or impelling it from without. Now the ages, so far as developments of what may be termed the force element in our nature, have always sought to extinguish this inward power, at least to obscure the consciousness of its presence. Incapacity of man for self-government, ignorance and viciousness of the poor, necessity of property qualifications for a voice in protection of personal rights and interests, sacredness of ancient opinions and institutions, hereditary ranks, the whole array indeed of doctrines and ordinances, designed to transfer power from the man in whom it dwells, to the appendages of men, in which it dwells but constructively and unnaturally, have been resorted to for the purpose of suppressing the flame of freedom, which burns up out of the inmost depths of every soul toward its kindred element in heaven. That flame burns on forever despite of all. As of the divine nature itself some wise men have doubted to say, that it has been, it will be, but only, it is; so may we say concerning this celestial principle, It is; neither coming nor departing, never past, never future, always present, it is. Whence absolute and unqualified Slavery, save as absolute, unmitigated sin is it, there cannot be. No thanks to men, however. They have done their utmost to unmake the perennial life. Fetters, chains, monopolies, thefts, sales, statutes, all engines of tyranny, they have found insufficient to annihilate freedom, for the good reason, that they cannot annihilate the Soul whose first law of being is freedom. Despite of lies which the ages have told, of tyrannies which the ages have established, Freedom lives imperishable.

I have lived indeed to hear that blessed name taken in vain, used in caricature, uttered with a sneer. It will not be so always. It was not so once. It has been a sacred word. Bards sang it. Prophets proclaimed it. Noble men died for it, and felt the price cheap. None counted how much gold could be coined out of fetters. Dimly seen, imperfectly understood, its dimmest shapes, its shadowy visions, even rising amidst bloody clouds, have been heralds of joy. Not brighter, more glad, to the forlorn and weary traveller, the first rays which look out

through the golden dawn, than to commonwealths and men, the day-break of liberty; nor is light itself, or any exterior thing of good cheer to man conscious of bondage. Order, conservation, tradition, prescription, political constitutions, laws of nations, sanctions of the ages, these are all nothing to the unwritten, unseen, invisible law of true freedom in man's soul. Those are of men, this of man; those, of the world; this, of God. I may regret, to be sure, that a dagger should have ever been hidden in myrtle bough; I may mourn that in the name of Liberty the least wrong should ever be done; would that the blessed form needed never but voice soft as the gentlest evening wind! More deeply should I mourn, my tears more hopeless, if I saw her assailed, nor hand nor voice lifted in the defence. Nay, as in worst superstition I welcome the divine idea of Religion; as through dreams and filthy tales of mythology, I see and bless the living God, nor ever feel more sure, that God is, that Truth is, and that man is made for God and Truth; so in and through frantic excesses of an incomplete and infantile Freedom, I see, I feel, that Freedom is, and is sacred, and that it is everything to the soul of man. Carry me to Paris in the frenzy of its revolution; carry me to St. Domingo, in the storm of its insurrection; carry me to Bunker Hill, amid its carnage; carry me to Thermopylæ, while its three hundred wait the sure death; set me beside those whose names may scarce be uttered without contempt or hate, a Wat Tyler or a Nat Turner; set me where and with whom you will, be it but man struggling to be free, to be himself, I recognise a divine presence, and wish not to withhold homage. Pardon me; but in a slavish quietude of the ages, I see nothing but despondency; freedom, be it wild as it may, quickens my hope. The wildness is an accident which will pass soon; that slavish quietude is death. There is grandeur in the earthquake or the volcano; in the dank, dark, offensive vault, something else.

Soul, Freedom of soul, is thus evermore the antagonist of those ages, which man's lower nature has evolved. Revelations of what truth there is in the grounds and laws of society, of Worship, here without ceasing, joined in with this native life of man. God has spoken to man throughout time, now this way, now that, not through

lawgivers and prophets and apostles alone, but in more secret communications of his spirit to whose soever spirit of man is obedient. The aggregate and consummation of these his revelations we call Christianity. Of which we may say, whether regarded as a series of historical facts, or as a disclosure of doctrine, or as a mode of worship, or, in higher character, as the formation of Christ in us, it is no other than the revelation from God of man's absolute and inalienable worth. Beneath all words, unsaid in the record, unuttered, because unspeakable, unutterable, lives spirit for spirit to meet and interpret, deeper, mightier, than letter or word. Not engraving in stone, not law written in books, something more divine than this is there in the fountains of Christianity; Moses could give the letter, bondage and death in it; Jesus, the Lord, is the spirit, and where the spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty — there is eternal life. Where over the whole earth the spirit has gone, as strong wind, as gentle air, it has requickened the expiring breath, recalled life, restored man to himself, that he might stand forth in assertion of his worth, and in boundless love shake off his bonds, sever himself from the age, live and be free.

Thus in all time we have the divine element — in man — in the universe — against the ages evolved of man's sensualism. Thence the great unceasing conflict between that fundamental fact, of history, of ethics, of religion, Man, and that sensual and proud selfishness, which would substitute exterior appendages. Farther in illustrating this topic, to my own mind of most solemn import, I cannot now go, save that I may be permitted to translate into rough words the songs which two unnamed bards once sang to my fancy — perhaps to my heart: The first said; —

Woe is me! I am born in the decay of nature and of man. Earth yielded once her fruit, spontaneous, free, as sun yields light, as air its balm. Nor more did man, living in the life and love of God, seek each to draw the whole to himself, than he would now seek to draw sun, stars, moon, air, sky, within his enclosure. As gods all lived, as brothers all conversed, unenvious, of wide heart; then slept as one in their mother's bosom. Blessed day, whose sun is set!

There is which no one can take for his own; a divine destiny holds it afar from his clutch. Proudest King! thine it is not to reach the sun, and part its tracts and its rays among thy vassals. Nor thine to catch the broad, blue sky, the boundless air, or ocean; here are not thine abodes, nor here thy lands to hold from any that breathes. Even I may see the blessed light, and drink of the hidden spring, and breathe God's free air; thou canst not stay nor let. This soul which lives of God, this spirit of divine inspiration, and the higher utterances it gives out in loneliness to infinite night or sunny day beneath vast mountain rocks or oaks by fountain side or margin of brook, lord of men! thou canst not destroy, thou canst not say, See, this is mine.

They may worship fire and light no more in the East. Priests pour out their libations no longer in Grecian, Italian fields or isles. Druids dwell not in Celtic or British forests. God still is. My portion in him, my higher priesthood, can never cease, one with my human being, my fixed immortality. Into this sanctuary kings cannot enter; priests of man's making cannot pollute it; no power can take hold of it. There is freedom. Well that the universe has a harmony from the Father, which men's discord may not break. Else kings and lords and mightier men of all names would destroy the whole; and the spheral music go out in boundless dissonance.

There is which kings and barons by field and flood can win. This hard soil of Britain, these viny plains of Italy, forest and field of Germany, of France, stern coast of New England, lands watered by vast American rivers, the "coming" has called his own, and parcelled out to kirkmen or knights, and all proud vassals of the cunningest. Sometimes they kneel in false lowliness before him, their hands in his, and offer homage. Sometimes they come to us in our weakness, and take of us homage and fealty, and exact our service. And these poor villains, alas! they toil, they bend, they weep, they go to other's bidding from day to day, until death bids them rest in their first freedom.

Oh Nature! is it thus thou leavest thine offspring orphans, fatherless, motherless, cunning and strong men lording it over them? Father! whose glory shineth in

heaven, the earth thou givest to the sons of men. They have it of thee, of thee what it yields to their toils. They have it not, thy most free gift, for force and skill of proud ones who win and hold it all. One saith, England is mine; Scotland mine, saith another; these or others, Mine France, Italy, land of German tribes, worlds west of the Atlantic. Who holds of it, holds of my sufferance, for his money or his homage. And another saith, Essex is mine; and others, Normandy, borders of the Rhine or the Danube; let no man touch them. And another, This plantation is mine, and all it yields; and these men also who work on it, they are mine. So the world over. And in secret, where none eye seeth, nor ear heareth, nor any regard, cometh a lone one and poureth tears into the still stream: Ye rich, I envy you not; I complain not, I must yet weep, that ye are tyrannous, that the poor are comfortless. Ye tell me loudly of your charities, your gifts. Alms to the poor, forsooth! ye make them poor by your extortions, then feed your pride with largesses, which bespeak your wealth, their want. Give us back what God hath given, his earth, ourselves; then we shall no longer need your help. Priests, nobles, kings, men of wealth, cease to rob; then we shall cease to toil unrequited, unhonored.

Rich man, king, noble, priest, all men hear. Man in sorrow, God heareth alone. Bards of bright days, who sang in Ægean isles, by Scottish friths, or amid Druid forests, would that I might take your harp, and sing as ye once sang; then should this sorrow have voice. He who has none to comfort should be heard through strains of mine over sea and land, even to the heavy ear of courtiers and kings, of parliaments and congresses. Alas! in lonely wood I can but sing to Truth and Love the wrongs of men, nor any heed or hear but God.

I may take my harp to palace and castle, and sing of mighty deeds, of Arthur and Alfred, of Dane and Scottish chieftains, how Saxon and Briton warred, and Norman reigned, how king and knight loved and wooed and won the fairest of the land; then do cunning men applaud; and give me large gifts. Weep alone, ye poor; weep unpitied, ye who are only men; my strain is unbidden, unheard, if I but try to tell your rights and wants and woes and loves.

Not always so. Lift up your heads, ye poor; your redemption shall come, your hour is at hand. Jesus was poor; God's glad message is through him to your stricken hearts. Priest and King, Bishop and Noble, Mighty and Rich, are nothing to him. He knows nought but man, whom he shall restore to himself. Blessing on thee, man! Sacred, venerable, thy name! Thou shalt live, the divine germ of thy nature shall yet expand and grow, and bear celestial fruit, God's own Freedom and Truth and Love.

Deeper woe, surer hope, sang the second; —

Nor freedom, nor truth, nor love, groweth of redemption from these outward bonds. Broken be those bonds! God speed the rescue! But the holy fountain of life wells out from within. Oh! when shall that fountain be open and flow?

Through heaven, earth, ocean, moon, stars, one inward spirit lives, breathes, nourishes all. Through soul of man that spirit lives most vitally, breathes mightiest, as itself. Finds spirit but spirit to welcome and interpret its mysterious presence, there is holiest communion. God is in us; we in God; divinest life! fountain of freedom, of manhood, of a Godlike age!

Woe, woe, woe to the sons of men! they have belied their nature, belied God. Man a beast, so have they said; God mechanic power. In the universal spirit they behold but might and skill. Infinite love, once in God, in all spirit, whither is thy flight? Men see thee not. Thy light-life was in all, thy dove-wings hovered over all; where dwellest thou now?

Where thou art, there God is, in God, freedom, truth, blessedness. Where thou art not, in rich or poor, mighty or feeble, lord or vassal, God is not, nor aught divine. Deepest of laws, mightiest of powers! eternal fountain, whence true law, right power, hath flowed evermore! Men, ancient, modern, dream of some outward laws and powers, in nature, in their ages, and obey them. They have obeyed the soulless voice, and gained soulless wealth. See! These splendid palaces, these rich store-houses, these hunting-grounds, these fruitful plantations, these horses and coaches and gay dresses! All are of obedience to law; but what law? Sure, other than the deepest, the everlasting. Nothing here of divinity: Law there is, in

which God dwelleth evermore; law of spirit, prolific of spiritual fruit; divine, wherein God goeth forth to bless the soul, and in soul the universe; life of the Father, Love.

Proud things cannot raise thee without it. Low things cannot debase thee with it. Neither proud nor mean, neither high nor low, where this law dwells. All are one in God. Out of Him through all, one boundless blessed harmony. The ages themselves of men, it swayeth at will; woe to him who severs his age from its eternal oneness!

Law to winds, waves, heaving seas, of our time; in all through all; first, midst, last of all. Whoso walketh in it, is in freedom and joy. Whoso walketh out of it, is in slavery and wretchedness. Man fell, when he ceased to love; his rise is in the birth of love. Man! thou art wretched, for thou hast shut thy heart to God; open thy soul unto Him, be thyself again, thou in God, God in thee; then shalt thou be the life of new ages, central orb of boundless radiance. Evolve of thy purer self, let grow from thy reborn spirit, the epoch of a true manhood; so shalt thou be free, blessed within, without. So shalt thou meet anew thine inmost life reflected in the calmness and infinitude which surrounds thee. So shalt thou greet unceasingly the divine light, going forth of thy soul to re-appear in all outward things, in this fair earth, in the serene moon, in stars and sun, in air and sky. So shall thy free soul dwell in the infinite of freedom; so thy being live and unfold itself in the communion of purest spirit. So, wherever man is, there shall the word of a highest inspiration be fulfilled. We have known and believed the love that God hath to us; God is love, and he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him.

S.

AFTERNOON.

I LIE upon the earth and feed upon the sky,
Drink in the soft, deep blue, falling from on high.
Walnut boughs, all steeped in gold, quiver to and fro;
Winds, like spirits, murmur, as through the air they go,
My soul is filled with joy and holy faith and love,
For noble friends on earth and angels pure above.

QUESTIONINGS.

Hath this world, without me wrought,
Other substance than my thought?
Lives it by my sense alone,
Or by essence of its own?
Will its life, with mine begun,
Cease to be when that is done,
Or another consciousness
With the self-same forms impress?

Doth yon fireball, poised in air,
Hang by my permission there?
Are the clouds that wander by,
But the offspring of mine eye,
Born with every glance I cast,
Perishing when that is past?
And those thousand, thousand eyes,
Scattered through the twinkling skies,
Do they draw their life from mine,
Or, of their own beauty shine?

Now I close my eyes, my ears,
And creation disappears;
Yet if I but speak the word,
All creation is restored.
Or — more wonderful — within,
New creations do begin;
Hues more bright and forms more rare,
Than reality doth wear,
Flash across my inward sense,
Born of the mind's omnipotence.

Soul! that all informest, say!
Shall these glories pass away?
Will those planets cease to blaze,
When these eyes no longer gaze?
And the life of things be o'er,
When these pulses beat no more?

Thought! that in me works and lives, —
Life to all things living gives, —
Art thou not thyself, perchance,
But the universe in trance?
A reflection inly flung
By that world thou fanciedst sprung
From thyself; — thyself a dream; —
Of the world's thinking thou the theme.

Be it thus, or be thy birth
From a source above the earth —

Be thou matter, be thou mind,
In thee alone myself I find,
And through thee alone, for me,
Hath this world reality.
Therefore, in thee will I live,
To thee all myself will give,
Losing still, that I may find,
This bounded self in boundless Mind.

ENDYMION.

Yes, it is the queenly Moon,
Gliding through her starred saloon,
Silvering all she looks upon;
I am her Endymion,
For by night she comes to me;
O, I love her wondrously!

She, into my window looks,
As I sit with lamp and books,
When the night-breeze stirs the leaves,
And the dew drops down the eaves;
O'er my shoulder peepeth she;
O, she loves me royally!

Then she tells me many a tale,
With her smile so sheeny pale,
Till my soul is overcast
With such dream-light of the past,
That I saddened needs must be,
And I love her mournfully.

Oft I gaze up in her eyes,
Raying light through winter skies;
Far away she saileth on;
I am no Endymion,
For she is too high for me,
And I love her hopelessly.

Now she comes to me again,
And we mingle joy and pain;
Now she walks no more afar,
Regal with train-bearing star,
But she bends and kisses me;
O we love now mutually!

C.

HYMN AND PRAYER.

INFINITE Spirit! who art round us ever,
In whom we float, as motes in summer sky,
May neither life nor death the sweet bond sever,
Which joins us to our unseen Friend on high.

Unseen — yet not unfelt — if any thought
Has raised our mind from earth, or pure desire,
A generous act, or noble purpose brought,
It is thy breath, O Lord, which fans the fire.

To me, the meanest of thy creatures, kneeling,
Conscious of weakness, ignorance, sin, and shame,
Give such a force of holy thought and feeling,
That I may live to glorify thy name;

That I may conquer base desire and passion,
That I may rise o'er selfish thought and will,
O'ercome the world's allurement, threat, and fashion,
Walk humbly, softly, leaning on thee still.

I am unworthy. — Yet for their dear sake,
I ask, whose roots planted in me are found,
For precious vines are propped by rudest stake,
And heavenly roses fed in darkest ground.

Beneath my leaves, though early fallen and faded,
Young plants are warmed, they drink my branches' dew,
Let them not, Lord, by me be Upas-shaded,
Make me for their sake firm, and pure, and true,

For their sake too, the faithful, wise, and bold,
Whose generous love has been my pride and stay,
Those, who have found in me some trace of gold,
For their sake purify my lead and clay.

And let not all the pains and toil be wasted,
Spent on my youth by saints now gone to rest,
Nor that deep sorrow my Redeemer tasted,
When on his soul the guilt of man was prest.

Tender and sensitive he braved the storm,
That we might fly a well deserved fate,
Poured out his soul in supplication warm,
Looked with his eyes of love on eyes of hate.

Let all this goodness by my mind be seen,
Let all this mercy on my heart be sealed,
Lord, if thou wilt, thy power can make me clean,
O speak the word, — thy servant shall be healed.

META.

Meta, the wife of Klopstock, is probably known to many readers through her beautiful letters to Richardson, the novelist, or Mrs. Jameson's popular work, "The Loves of the Poets." It is said that Klopstock wrote to her continually after her death.

The poet had retired from the social circle. Its mirth was to his sickened soul a noisy discord, — its sentiment a hollow mockery. With grief he felt that the recital of a generous action, the vivid expression of a noble thought could only graze the surface of his mind; the desolate stillness of death lay brooding on its depths. The friendly smiles, the affectionate attentions, which had seemed so sweet in the days when Meta's presence was

> "The boon prefigured in his earliest wish,
> Crown of his cup, and garnish of his dish,"

could give the present but a ghastly similitude to that blessed time. While his attention, disobedient to his wishes, kept turning painfully inward, the voice of the singer suddenly startled it back. A lovely maid with moist clear eye, and pleading, earnest voice, was seated at the harpsichord. She sang a sad and yet not hopeless strain, like that of a lover who pines in absence, yet hopes again to meet his loved one. The heart of the listener rose to his lips and natural tears suffused his eyes. She paused. Some youth of untouched heart, shallow as yet in all things, asked for a lively song, the expression of animal enjoyment, one of these mountain strains that call upon us to climb the most steep and rugged ascents with an untiring gayety. She hesitated and cast a sidelong glance at the mourner. Heedlessly the request was urged. She wafted over the keys an airy prelude, — a cold rush of anguish came over the awakened heart, Klopstock rose and hastily left the room.

He entered his chamber and threw himself upon the bed. The moon was nearly at the full. A tree near the large window obscured the radiance, and cast into the room a flickering shadow, as its leaves kept swaying to and fro with the breeze. Vainly Klopstock sought to soothe himself in that soft and varying light. Sadness is always deepest at this hour of celestial calmness. The soul real-

izes its wants and longs to be at harmony with itself far more than when any outward ill is arousing or oppressing it.

Weak, fond wretch that I am, cried he, — I the bard of Messiah — To what purpose have I nurtured my soul on the virtues of that sublime model for whom no renunciation was too hard. Four years an angel sojourned with me. Her presence brightened me into purity and benevolence like her own. Happy as the saints, who after their long strife rest in the bosom of perfect love, I thought myself good because I sinned not against a God of so apparent bounty, because my heart could spare some drops of its overflowing oil and balm for the wounds of others. Now what am I? My angel leaves me, but she leaves with me the memory of our perfect communion as an earnest of what awaits us, if I prove faithful to my own words of faith, to these religious strains which are even now cheering on many an inexperienced youth. And I, — the springs of life and love frozen, here I lie sunk in grief as if a grave were the bourne to all my thoughts; the joy of other men seems an insult, their grief a dead letter compared with mine own. Meta, Meta, couldst thou see me in mine hour of trial, thou wouldst disdain thy chosen.

A strain of sweet but solemn music swelled on his ear, — one of those majestic harmonies which, were there no other proof of the soul's immortality, would create the intellectual Paradise. It closed, and Meta stood before him. A long veil of silvery whiteness fell over her, through which might be seen the fixed but nobly serene expression of the large blue eyes, and a holy, a seraphic dignity of mien.

Klopstock knelt before her — his soul was awed to earth. "Hast thou come, my adored," said he, "from thy home of bliss to tell me that thou canst no longer love thy unworthy friend?"

"O speak not thus," replied the softest and most penetrating of voices. "Can purified beings look with contempt or anger on those suffering the ills from which they are set free? O no, my love, my husband, — I come to speak consolation to thy sinking spirit."

"When you left me to breathe my last sigh in the

arms of a sister who, however dear, was nothing to my heart in comparison with you, I closed my eyes, wishing that the light of day might depart also. The thought of what thou must suffer convulsed my heart with one last pang. Once more I murmured the wish I had so often expressed, that the sorrows of the survivor might have fallen to my lot rather than to thine. In that pang my soul extricated itself from the body, a sensation like that from exquisite fragrance came over me, and with breezy lightness I escaped into the pure serene. It was a moment of feeling wildly free and unobscured. I had not yet passed the verge of comparison. I could not yet embrace the infinite; and my joy was, like those of earth, intoxicating. Words cannot paint, even to thy eager soul, my friend, the winged swiftness, the glowing hopefulness of my path through the fields of azure. I paused at length in a region of keen, bluish light, such as beams from Jupiter to thy planet on a mild October evening.

"Here an immediate conviction pervaded me that this was home, was my appointed resting-place; a full tide of hope and satisfaction, similar to what I felt on first acquaintance with thy poem, flowed over this hour. Joyous confidence in Goodness and Beauty forbade me to feel the want even of thy companionship. The delicious clearness of every feeling exalted my soul into an entire life. Some time elapsed thus. The whole of my earthly existence passed in review before me. My thought, my actions, were brought in full relief before the cleared eye of my spirit. Beloved, thou wilt rejoice to know, that thy Meta could then feel her worst faults sprung from ignorance. As I was striving to connect my present with my past state, and, as it were, poising myself on the brink of space and time, the breath of another presence came upon me, and, gradually evolving from the bosom of light, rose a figure, in grace, in sweetness, how excelling! Fixing her eyes on mine with the full gaze of love, she said in flute-like tones, 'Dost thou know me, my sister?'

"'Art thou not,' I replied, 'the love of Petrarch? I have seen the portraiture of thy mortal lineaments, and now I recognise that perfect beauty, the full violet flower which thy lover's genius was able to anticipate.'

"'Yes,' she said, 'I am Laura, on earth most happy, yet

most sad, most rich and most poor. I come to greet her, whom I recognise as the inheritress of all that was lovely in my earthly being, more happy than I in her earthly estate. I have sympathized, wife of Klopstock, in thy happiness, thy lover was thy priest and thy poet, thy model and oracle was thy bosom friend. All that one world could give was thine, and I joyed to think on thy fulfilled love, thy freedom of soul and unchecked faith. Follow me now; we are to dwell in the same circle, and I am appointed to show it to thee.'

"She guided me towards the source of the light I have described. We paused before a structure of dazzling whiteness. This stood on a slope and overlooked a valley of exceeding beauty. It was shaded by trees, which had that peculiar calmness, that the shadows of trees have below in the high noon of summer moonlight.

'Trees which are as still
As the shades of trees below,
When they sleep on the lonely hill
In the summer moonlight's glow.'

"It was decorated by sculptures of which I may speak at some future interview, for they in manifold ways of wonderful subtlety express one thought, I had not then time to examine them. Before rose a fountain, which seemed, one silvery tree from off whose leaves that stream of light fell ever, and, flowing down the valley, divided it into two unequal parts. The larger and farther from us seemed as I first looked on it, populous with shapes beauteous as that of my guide. But when I looked more fixedly, I saw only the valley carpeted with large blue and white flowers which emitted a hyacinthine odor.

"Here Laura, turning round, asked — 'Is not this a poetic home, Meta?'

"I paused a moment ere I replied, 'It is, indeed, a place of beauty; — yet more like the Greek Elysium than the home Klopstock and I were wont to picture for ourselves beyond the gate of death.'

"'Thou sayest well,' she replied, 'nor is this thy final home. Thou wilt but wait here for a season the coming of thy friend.'

"'What!' said I, 'alone? Alone in Eden?'

"Has not Meta then collected aught on which she might meditate? Hast thou never read, 'While I was musing, the fire burned?'"

"Lady," said I, "spare the reproach. The love of Petrarch, whose soul grew up in golden fetters, whose strongest emotions, whose most natural actions were through a long life constantly repressed by the dictates of duty and honor, she might here pass long years in that contemplation, which was on earth her only solace. But I, whose life has all been breathed out in love and ministry, can I endure that existence to be reversed? Can I live without utterance of spirit, or would such be a stage of that progressive happiness we are promised?"

"True, little one," said she, with her first heavenly smile, "nor shall it be thus with thee. Thou art appointed to the same ministry which was committed to me while waiting here for that friend whom below I was forbidden to call my own."

"She touched me, and from my shoulders sprang a pair of wings, white and azure, wide and glistening. 'Meta,' she resumed, 'Spirit of Love! Be this thine office. Wheresoever a soul pines in absence from all companionship, breathe in sweet thoughts of future sympathy to be deserved by steadfast virtue and mental growth. Bind up the wounds of hearts torn by bereavement, teach them where healing is to be found. Revive in the betrayed and forsaken that belief in virtue and nobleness, without which life is an odious, disconnected dream. Fan every flame of generous enthusiasm, and on the altars where it is kindled strew the incense of wisdom.

"'In such a ministry, thou couldst never be alone, since hope must dwell with thee. But I shall often come hither to speak of the future glories of thy destiny. Yet more; seest thou that marble tablet? Retire here when thy pinions are wearied. Give up the soul to faith, fix thy eyes on the tablet, and the deeds and thoughts which fill the days of Klopstock shall be traced on it. Thus shall ye not for an hour be divided. Hast thou, Meta, aught else to ask?'

"Messenger of peace and bliss," said I, "dare I make yet one other request? O is it not presumptuous to ask

that Klopstock may be one of those to whom I minister, and that he may know it is Meta who consoles him?"

"'Even this to a certain extent I have power to grant. Most pure, most holy were your lives; you taught one another only good things, and peculiarly are ye rewarded. Thou mayest occasionally manifest thyself to Klopstock, and answer his prayers with words, so long,' she continued, looking fixedly at me, 'as he shall continue true to himself and thee.'

"O my beloved, why tell thee what were my emotions at such a promise? — Ah! I must now leave thee, for dawn is bringing back the world's doings. Soon shall I visit thee again. Farewell; remember that thy every thought and deed will be known to me, and be happy."

She vanished.

1833.

THE TRUE IN DREAMS.

I HAVE dreamed, I have dreamed,
Under Beauty's star-lit sky,
With the love unquestioning
Of a Poet's eye;

I have roamed, I have roamed,
Under Beauty's morning smile,
Trees and fields and flowers and birds
With all the while;

Idle hours, idle hours
Lived I thus by night and day,
Yet such Truth did Beauty bring,
I could not say her nay.

I have pored, I have pored
Over books of high repute,
Filled with saws and arguments,
Sophists to refute;

I have digged, I have digged
In their Philistine soil,
Wide awake on winter nights,
Wasting all my oil,

Till I laughed, till I laughed
At the counterfeit uncouth,
Took me to my dreams, and saw
Beauty one with Truth.

C.

THE MAGNOLIA OF LAKE PONTCHARTRAIN.

The stars tell all their secrets to the flowers, and, if we only knew how to look around us, we should not need to look above. But man is a plant of slow growth, and great heat is required to bring out his leaves. He must be promised a boundless futurity, to induce him to use aright the present hour. In youth, fixing his eyes on those distant worlds of light, he promises himself to attain them, and there find the answer to all his wishes. His eye grows keener as he gazes, a voice from the earth calls it downward, and he finds all at his feet.

I was riding on the shore of Lake Pontchartrain, musing on an old English expression, which I had only lately learned to interpret. "He was fulfilled of all nobleness." Words so significant charm us like a spell long before we know their meaning. This I had now learned to interpret. Life had ripened from the green bud, and I had seen the difference, wide as from earth to heaven, between nobleness, and the fulfilment of nobleness.

A fragrance beyond anything I had ever known came suddenly upon the air and interrupted my meditation. I looked around me, but saw no flower from which it could proceed. There is no word for it; exquisite and delicious have lost all meaning now. It was of a full and penetrating sweetness, too keen and delicate to be cloying. Unable to trace it, I rode on, but the remembrance of it pursued me. I had a feeling that I must forever regret my loss, my want, if I did not return and find the poet of the lake, which could utter such a voice. In earlier days I might have disregarded such a feeling; but now I have learned to prize the monitions of my nature as they deserve, and learn sometimes what is not for sale in the market-place. So I turned back and rode to and fro at the risk of abandoning the object of my ride.

I found her at last, the Queen of the South, singing to herself in her lonely bower. Such should a sovereign be, most regal when alone; for then there is no disturbance to prevent the full consciousness of power. All occasions limit, a kingdom is but an occasion, and no sun ever saw itself adequately reflected on sea or land.

Nothing at the south had affected me like the Magnolia. Sickness and sorrow, which have separated me from my kind, have requited my loss by making known to me the loveliest dialect of the divine language. "Flowers," it has been truly said, "are the only positive present made us by nature." Man has not been ungrateful, but consecrated the gift to adorn the darkest and brightest hours. If it is ever perverted, it is to be used as a medicine, and even this vexes me. But no matter for that. We have pure intercourse with these purest creations; we love them for their own sake, for their beauty's sake. As we grow beautiful and pure, we understand them better. With me knowledge of them is a circumstance, a habit of my life, rather than a merit. I have lived with them, and with them almost alone, till I have learned to interpret the slightest signs by which they manifest their fair thoughts. There is not a flower in my native region, which has not for me a tale, to which every year is adding new incidents, yet the growths of this new climate brought me new and sweet emotions, and, above all others, was the Magnolia a revelation. When I first beheld her, a stately tower of verdure, each cup, an imperial vestal, full-displayed to the eye of day, yet guarded from the too hasty touch even of the wind by its graceful decorums of firm, glistening, broad, green leaves, I stood astonished as might a lover of music, who after hearing in all his youth only the harp or the bugle, should be saluted on entering some vast cathedral by the full peal of its organ.

After I had recovered from my first surprise, I became acquainted with the flower, and found all its life in harmony. Its fragrance, less enchanting than that of the rose, excited a pleasure more full of life, and which could longer be enjoyed without satiety. Its blossoms, if plucked from their home, refused to retain their dazzling hue, but drooped and grew sallow, like princesses captive in the prison of a barbarous foe.

But there was something quite peculiar in the fragrance of this tree; so much so, that I had not at first recognised the Magnolia. Thinking it must be of a species I had never yet seen, I alighted, and leaving my horse, drew near to question it with eyes of reverent love.

"Be not surprised," replied those lips of untouched purity,

"stranger, who alone hast known to hear in my voice a tone more deep and full than that of my beautiful sisters. Sit down, and listen to my tale, nor fear, that I will overpower thee by too much sweetness. I am indeed of the race you love, but in it I stand alone. In my family I have no sister of the heart, and though my root is the same as that of the other virgins of our royal house, I bear not the same blossom, nor can I unite my voice with theirs in the forest choir. Therefore I dwell here alone, nor did I ever expect to tell the secret of my loneliness. But to all that ask there is an answer, and I speak to thee.

"Indeed, we have met before, as that secret feeling of home, which makes delight so tender, must inform thee. The spirit that I utter once inhabited the glory of the most glorious climates. I dwelt once in the orange tree."

"Ah?" said I! "then I did not mistake. It is the same voice I heard in the saddest season of my youth, a time described by the prophetic bard.

'Sconosciuto pur cammina avanti
Per quella via ch'è piu deserta e sola,
E rivolgendo in se quel che far deggia,
In gran tempesta di pensieri on deggia.'

"I stood one evening on a high terrace in another land, the land where 'the plant man has grown to greatest size.' It was an evening, whose unrivalled splendor demanded perfection in man, answering to that he found in nature, a sky 'black-blue,' deep as eternity, stars of holiest hope, a breeze promising rapture in every breath. To all I might have answered, applying still farther the prophecy,

'Una ombra oscura al mondo toglie.
I varj aspetti e i color tinge in negro.'

"I could not long endure this discord between myself and such beauty, I retired within my window, and lit the lamp. Its rays fell on an orange tree, full clad in its golden fruit and bridal blossoms. How did we talk together then, fairest friend; thou didst tell me all; and yet thou knowest, that even then, had I asked any part of thy dower, it would have been to bear the sweet fruit, rather than the sweeter blossoms. My wish had been expressed by another.

'O that I were an orange tree,
That busy plant!
Then should I ever laden be
And never want
Some fruit for him that dresseth me.'

"Thou didst seem to me the happiest of all spirits in wealth of nature, in fulness of utterance. How is it that I find thee now in another habitation?"

"How is it, Man, that thou art now content that thy life bears no golden fruit?"

"It is," I replied, "that I have at last, through privation, been initiated into the secret of peace. Blighted without, unable to find myself in other forms of nature, I was driven back upon the centre of my being, and there found all being. For the wise, the obedient child from one point can draw all lines, and in one germ read all the possible disclosures of successive life."

"Even so," replied the flower, "and ever for that reason am I trying to simplify my being. How happy I was in the 'spirit's dower when first it was wed,' I told thee in that earlier day. But after a while I grew weary of that fulness of speech, I felt a shame at telling all I knew and challenging all sympathies. I was never silent. I was never alone. I had a voice for every season, for day and night. On me the merchant counted, the bride looked to me for her garland, the nobleman for the chief ornament of his princely hall, and the poor man for his wealth. All sang my praises, all extolled my beauty, all blessed my beneficence. And, for a while, my heart swelled with pride and pleasure. But as years passed, my mood changed. The lonely moon rebuked me as she hid from the wishes of man, nor would return till her due change was passed. The inaccessible sun looked on me with the same ray as on all others; my endless profusion could not bribe him to one smile sacred to me alone. The mysterious wind passed me by to tell its secret to the solemn pine. And the nightingale sang to the rose, rather than me, though she was often silent, and buried herself yearly in the dark earth.

"I had no mine or thine, I belonged to all, I could never rest, I was never at one. Painfully I felt this want, and from every blossom sighed entreaties for some being to

come and satisfy it. With every bud I implored an answer, but each bud only produced — an orange.

"At last this feeling grew more painful and thrilled my very root. The earth trembled at the touch with a pulse so sympathetic, that ever and anon it seemed, could I but retire and hide in that silent bosom for one calm winter, all would be told me, and tranquillity, deep as my desire, be mine. But the law of my being was on me, and man and nature seconded it. Ceaselessly they called on me for my beautiful gifts; they decked themselves with them, nor cared to know the saddened heart of the giver. O how cruel they seemed at last, as they visited and despoiled me, yet never sought to aid me, or even paused to think that I might need their aid; yet I would not hate them. I saw it was my seeming riches that bereft me of sympathy. I saw they could not know what was hid beneath the perpetual veil of glowing life. I ceased to expect aught from them, and turned my eyes to the distant stars. I thought, could I but hoard from the daily expenditure of my juices, till I grew tall enough, I might reach those distant spheres, which looked so silent and consecrated, and there pause a while from these weary joys of endless life, and in the lap of winter, find my spring.

"But not so was my hope to be fulfilled. One starlight night I was looking, hoping, when a sudden breeze came up. It touched me, I thought, as if it were a cold white beam from those stranger worlds. The cold gained upon my heart, every blossom trembled, every leaf grew brittle, and the fruit began to seem unconnected with the stem. Soon I lost all feeling, and morning found the pride of the garden black, stiff, and powerless.

"As the rays of the morning sun touched me, consciousness returned, and I strove to speak, but in vain. Sealed were my fountains and all my heart-beats still. I felt that I had been that beauteous tree, but now only was — what — I knew not; yet I was, and the voices of men said, It is dead; cast it forth and plant another in the costly vase. A mystic shudder of pale joy then separated me wholly from my former abode.

A moment more and I was before the queen and guardian of the flowers. Of this being I cannot speak to thee in any language now possible betwixt us. For this is a

being of another order from thee, an order whose presence thou mayst feel, nay, approach step by step, but which cannot be known till thou art it, nor seen nor spoken of till thou hast passed through it.

"Suffice it to say, that it is not such a being as men love to paint, a fairy, — like them, only lesser and more exquisite than they, a goddess, larger and of statelier proportion, an angel, — like still, only with an added power. Man never creates, he only recombines the lines and colors of his own existence; only a deific fancy could evolve from the elements the form that took me home.

"Secret, radiant, profound ever, and never to be known, was she; many forms indicate and none declare her. Like all such beings she was feminine. All the secret powers are 'Mothers.' There is but one paternal power.

"She had heard my wish while I looked at the stars, and in the silence of fate prepared its fulfilment. 'Child of my most communicative hour,' said she, 'the full pause must not follow such a burst of melody. Obey the gradations of nature, nor seek to retire at once into her utmost purity of silence. The vehemence of thy desire at once promises and forbids its gratification. Thou wert the keystone of the arch and bound together the circling year; thou canst not at once become the base of the arch, the centre of the circle. Take a step inward, forget a voice, lose a power; no longer a bounteous sovereign, become a vestal priestess and bide thy time in the Magnolia.'

"Such is my history, friend of my earlier day. Others of my family, that you have met, were formerly the religious lily, the lonely dahlia, fearless decking the cold autumn, and answering the shortest visits of the sun with the brightest hues, the narcissus, so wrapt in self-contemplation, that it could not abide the usual changes of a life. Some of these have perfume, others not, according to the habit of their earlier state, for as spirits change, they still bear some trace, a faint reminder of their latest step upwards or inwards. I still speak with somewhat of my former exuberance, and over-ready tenderness to the dwellers on this shore, but each star sees me purer, of deeper thought, and more capable of retirement into my own heart. Nor shall I again detain a wanderer, luring him from afar, nor shall I again subject myself to be ques-

tioned by an alien spirit to tell the tale of my being in words that divide it from itself. Farewell stranger, and believe that nothing strange can meet me more. I have atoned by confession; further penance needs not, and I feel the Infinite possess me more and more. Farewell, to meet again in prayer, in destiny, in harmony, in elemental power.

The Magnolia left me, I left not her, but must abide forever in the thought to which the clue was found in the margin of that lake of the South.

LOVE AND INSIGHT.

The two were wandering mid the bursting spring;
They loved each other with a lofty love;
So holy was their love that now no thing
To them seemed strange. The golden light above
And all around was part of it, and flowed
From out their souls; so did the clouds which showed
A changing glory. Birds on rustling wing,
Flowers upon slender waving stems did spring
Forth from their feelings — tender, full of mirth,
Swift soaring, or more lowly loving earth.
Old Ocean ceased its vast complaint. Its voice
Of mystery grew articulate. Waves rejoice
Beholding souls far greater than the abyss
Wherein they swelled. Earth stood enriched
With wondrous beauty. Over each bare stone
Spread clinging moss. Nothing did stand alone
Or mournful now. All wild, fierce sounds were hushed.
The wind that once on wilful whirlwinds rushed,
Now bore aloft sweet sounds of jubilee.
The glorious hour had come; Earth did see
Herself no longer orphaned, and with song
Of love and life joined the high harmony,
Which through the universe forever rolls along.

Z.

SUNSET.

The sun's red glory vanishes amid complaining waves,
Bright beings always go thus, sink down into dark graves;
Not only death but life hath graves than death, O, far more dreary;
High hopes and feelings melt away and then come days most weary;
Angels from heaven on earth appear, but soon their light grows dim,
And all forlorn they mourn the past — must it be so with him!

GIVE US AN INTERPRETER.

The winning waves with whispers low,
The wafting winds that gently blow,
Call me away to a land most fair, —
"Come, we will bear thee safely there."
So my silken sail I must unfurl,
And bound o'er the billows that proudly curl;
Sunny sea-birds sail round me on high,
Shooting like sun-beams o'er all the sky;
With the swelling waves does my bonny bark heave,
Like a sword-fish through them all I cleave;
"Where shall I go? What shall I find?"
Affectionate hearts, ever gentle and kind
Such have I here!
"Old age serene, and earnest youth,
Forgetting all else in its search for truth."
Such have I here!
"Men who build cities and armies lead,
Forward to venture in noble deed."
Such have I here!
"Beautiful forms, with eyes that are made
Of sunbeams in softest dew-drops arrayed."
Such have I here!
"Burst forth loud carols sweet and free.
Hark to the music that swells o'er the sea."

We have all that on this shore.
"Then what wouldst thou more?"

A man who with power shall backward throw
The curtain that hangs o'er the infinite now,
That forth on the earth a glory may stream,
Startling all souls from their mournful dream.
By that piercing light men shall see with surprise,
From their souls sprang the earth, the stars, and the skies.

Z.

Birds shooting swiftly through air and light,
Pause oftentimes in their rapid flight.
Poised on the wing, a joyous song,
They wildly warble — then sweep along.
Songs of high triumph thus should we pour
Forth from our souls as upward we soar,
Through boundless Truth — forevermore.

Z.

IDEALS OF EVERY-DAY LIFE.

No. I.

Is it yet so settled *what life is*? Has experience long since tried and made the most of it? Shall the son plod on in the footsteps of the father? Shall the first child's blunders be fastened upon his children's children, and the experiment of the ignorant first-comer be law to all them that come after? Is there no room for improvement? May not life, in all its forms, be lifted up, and hackneyed drudgery be inspired with an idea, an energy, a heartiness, which shall make it drudgery no longer? Must man forever continue the slave of habit, doing things for no more convincing reason than custom, and positively *making* life a dull thing, lest he should be guilty of finding it in his experience not quite so dull as represented (for it would be a shame to differ from all the world in such a comforting conclusion)?

Let us see then. There are certain things which fall to the lot of all humanity; certain things which every man must do and bear. In what spirit does he do them and bear them? In what spirit does he work, walk abroad, talk with his neighbor, bury his dead, store himself with knowledge, betake himself to the house of worship? According to the spirit with which he does these things, will the field or shop, the school or study, the walk, the fireside circle, the church, the scene of suffering, be to him dull, discouraging, and degrading, or beautiful and full of ever increasing interest and hope. The Christian finds his heaven in each of these; and each of them may be enumerated among the pleasures of religion.

1. First, then, behold the religious man *at work*. The first question asked about every one is: What does he *do*? What is his business? And this very justly; for, until a man have something to do, he has no right to be *thought* of in any other relation.

It is the law of nature, that man must *work*. An outward necessity, if not an inward one, compels him to it. Two causes keep us always active. A restlessness of our own, an inward natural tendency to do things, or what is

called an active impulse, keeps us busy always, with one or more of our faculties, creating or destroying; keeps us working for the pleasure of it, whether profitably or not. But should this inward impulse fail, Want, our stern taskmaster, threatening to cut off our supplies, still warns us from without that we must either work or die. All men work, then, somehow, either because they love to do so, or because they must. Labor affords the only means of keeping ourselves alive; and when life is secured, labor still becomes the first condition of enjoying it. Yet labor is full of hardship. It is oftentimes degrading, narrowing, and enslaving to the mind. It is so precisely in proportion as it is the labor of necessity, rather than of choice. Man's daily occupation may be a dull routine, to which he dooms himself, although a weariness; or it may be a cheerful, entertaining, instructive, and improving exercise. Most men only *support* themselves by labor. A wise man both supports and educates and amuses himself by it. To one it is all drudgery, to another a delight. One man by the labor of his hands is rendered coarse and ignorant, the slave of habit, slow to detect opportunities of improvement, unaware of his own resources and capabilities, blind to the beauties there are around him, uninteresting for lack of thought, with nothing to say for himself when he meets his friends, a weariness to himself and others, a mere *hand* on the field, a mere eater and sleeper at home, to whom life is an old story altogether, slightly varied from day to day, but always growing duller, want and vexations of all sorts continually pressing upon him without, balanced by little mental faculty or cheerful occupation of the mind within. The slave of circumstances he, spending all his life in these dull arts of keeping himself alive. Another man from the same labor gains strength and dignity and intelligence, and becomes more and more a *man*, with every task to which he stoops. His labor is occupation not only to his hands, but also to his mind. His observation grows more active, his judgment more sound, his heart warmer and stouter; he learns to rely upon himself, he finds what resources he has within himself to draw from, he sees the significance of common sights and sounds, nature becomes full of meaning to him, the beauty of the world increases upon

him, God is manifest to him in every shifting cloud, or opening flower; in the mysterious processes of growth he traces analogies and correspondencies with his own mental and moral growth, his soul fills with wisdom, his heart with hope and confidence, and to him life becomes more new and beautiful and interesting, the longer he lives.

So different a thing may the same work be to two men working side by side. It is the end that dignifies the means. The meanest occupation, through which shines a lofty purpose, becomes glorious. No work is low or degrading in itself. The coarsest handicraft is as honorable as the most respectable profession, when the laborer respects himself, and is working for a noble end, namely, the perfection of his own nature, or the happiness of those he loves. Let a man propose to himself the higher object for which to live, and all he does partakes of the dignity of his life-plan, of his being's end and aim. Then the toil which looks immediately to bread and subsistence, looks farther too, and becomes in a higher sense part of the eternal culture of the soul; and the fruits of one's labor are not only bread to eat, but bread of life.

The religious man lives for one great object; — to perfect himself, to unite himself by purity with God, to fit himself for heaven by cherishing within him a heavenly disposition. He has discovered that he has a soul; that his soul is himself; that it changes not with the changing things of life, but receives its discipline from them; that man does not live by bread alone, but that the most real of all things, inasmuch as they are the most enduring, are the things which are not seen; that faith and love and virtue are the sources of his life, and that he realizes nothing, except he lay fast hold upon them. For these, then, he lives. And, whatever may be his trade, to whatever work, impelled by physical necessity, or the habits of his neighborhood, he turns his hand, this purpose of his life appears in it. He extracts a moral lesson, a lesson of endurance or of perseverence, for himself, or a new evidence of God and of his own immortal destiny, from every day's hard task. He builds up not only his fortune, but himself by it; he stores not only his garners, but his mind. As he drops the seeds into the earth, all-instructive nature having caught his eye, drops other seeds, that bear

fruit more than once, into his soul. As he clears the ground of weeds, with unseen hand the while he pulls away the weeds of prejudice and wrong desire, that are growing up to choke the plants of Paradise within the garden of his heart. The sunshine on his fertile fields looks doubly clear to him, because of the sunshine of conscience in his breast. And, as he reaps his golden grain, his soul reaps golden hopes and golden approbation in the field which he is tilling for his God.

Drudgery is one thing. True labor is another. No man has any right to be a drudge; no man was ever made for that. If true to himself, he cannot *but* be something more. The seeds of something more are in him. In his very nature there wait faculties to be unfolded, which he has no right whatever to neglect, faculties religious, moral, intellectual, in exercising which he lifts himself above the sense of want, above the power of fear, of fortune, or of death, feels his immortality, becomes himself, what God intended him to be. In any kind of business or labor he can find sphere for the exercise of these, his greatest faculties; if he cannot, he is bound to labor somewhere else. No one has a right to live, merely to "*get a living.*" And this is what is meant by *drudgery.* Drudgery is not confined to the labor of the hands, not to any one class of occupations. There are intellectual and fashionable drudges. And there are hard-working, humble laborers, more free, more dignified and manly, in all they do, or look, or think, than any who look down upon them. Some soil their hands with the earth; others soil their minds indelibly by the pride and vanity which keep their hands so delicate. The true man "stoops to conquer." The vain man wears his head aloft, while the rock is wasting from under his feet, and the glow of disinterested activity, the beauty on which he prides himself, fades from his face.

The Christian makes his business, of whatsoever sort, contribute equally to his acquisition of knowledge, to his amusement, to the trial of his faith, the growth of his affections, no less than to his health and his support. Into all his work he carries *thought.* He makes it a science; and so saves time for other things, while he makes his labor interesting, not the same old story every day, but

full of new and valuable suggestions to his mind. To his curious mind the work of his hands, becomes a practical illustration of principles; and so the thorough-going *doer* becomes the healthy *thinker*. He thinks for whom and for what he labors, and his faith and his affections are increased. Haply, too, his imagination, his sense of beauty, become quickened. Daily conversant with nature, the glorious scenery of his labors, a quiet enthusiasm kindles in the heart of the farmer, and a new source of happiness is now unlocked to him. An intelligent farmer is certainly the happiest of men. His daily toil is reconcilable with every kind of higher culture. He may make himself in every sense a man. He need not be a mere *hand*. He may trace out the laws of nature, and let the sight of principles inspire him. He may be a philosopher on the field. He may cultivate a sympathy for all men, while everything around him may fill him with sweet gratitude to God. The all-surrounding beauty may take possession of his soul, till in his heart unconsciously he becomes a poet. To ensure this, it only needs a religious spirit, a spirit of constant self-improvement. For religion unlocks all the fountains of the soul, and puts a man gradually in possession of all his powers. He first finds out what he is and what is in him, when he devotes himself to God. If he is truly religious, he will grow intelligent, free, and happy; and life to him will never lose its interest; rest will not be idleness; toil will not be drudgery. But while he bends to his work, he will be seeking truth, loving his neighbor, and communing with his God.

In labor, too, the Christian feels a sweet renunciation, when he makes himself independent of his comforts; and so is he both happy in himself without them, enjoying the triumph of his own spirit; and he returns to them with keener zest. We know not the sweetness of any pleasure, until we can forego it; we appreciate none of our advantages, until we cease to depend upon them. All things become more beautiful to us, when we find we can do without them. There can be no rest where there has been no labor. There is no sabbath to him who has not had his week of work.

D. Wright

TO NYDIA.

"CALL it a *moment's* work, (and such it seems,)
This tale's a fragment from the life of dreams;
But say, that years matured the silent strife,
And 't is a record from the dream of life."

Lady — I bring a flower, a token
Of all the thousand deep heart-beatings,
So warmly felt, yet all unspoken,
Which thrilled me at our former meetings;
When I hung o'er thy form, and dwelt
In quiet luxury of vision,
Nought but thy fairy beauty felt,
And our dull world — a home Elysian.

A token of the better power,
Thy purity of soul has given,
To strengthen me in trial's hour,
And lead me nearer on to Heaven.
For, gazing in thy eyes, I scanned
In them thy nature, trusting, mild,
Unchanged since from thy Maker's hand
Thou cam'st, his gentle, loving child.
A nobler love upon me came,
My heart adored with prayer and hymn,
That *truth*, thy being's central flame,
Which no earth-mists had power to dim.
Alas! that Time and Change must ever
Round this pale orb united go;
Alas! that love is constant never,
And human faith so weak below!
Could we have thought, when, side by side,
The thickly sparkling stars have seen us,
That this dark cloud of fear and pride
And cold distrust could roll between us?
Lady! by thy deep trusting eyes,
By thy most lovely smile, I swore
That, firm as these o'er-arching skies,
Our hearts were chained forevermore.
They still are chained — nor stars, nor storms,
Nor severing length of lonely years,
Can break the tie young passion forms,
The links of thy past smiles and tears,
Though, dearest, thou forget my name,
Though memory's tear-dimmed glass be broken,
The Past will ever live the same,
And hold what we have done and spoken.
The summer flower forgets the dew,
Which fed its young buds through the spring,
But, in its ripe leaf's burning hue,
Those pure May-drops are revelling.

I know my fate — to drift alone
Across life's many-tinted ocean,
Singly to hear its tempests moan,
Singly to feel its heavy motion;
Love's waves, turned backward on my breast,
Must stagnate, and grow bitter there,
To live, unblessing and unblest,
This is my fate; I know and bear.

But round *thee*, dearest, there shall cling
And cluster many hearts; another,
A better love than mine shall bring
To the fair bride and happy mother.
Though a few years have wasted all
My youthful powers of deep affection,
Yet, on my sunless day shall fall
From thy calm joy a warm reflection.

Farewell! — and when this flower has faded,
Let each too tender thought decay,
Each memory too deeply shaded
Die, when its leaves have dropped away.
But I — within my secret heart —
All thy kind deeds and words will treasure,
Each scene where thou hast borne a part,
Shall be my mind's loved home of pleasure.
Farewell! — I dwell upon the word,
For, though we oft may meet again,
Nought in our cold tones shall be heard
To tell of bygone joy or pain.
'T is the last time that I shall speak,
Freely, as I so oft have spoken,
When lit thine eye and burned thy cheek,
At hopes now blighted, pledges broken.
And now 't is past. For me, no more
Has Heaven a sunbeam, earth a flower,
I see life's poetry is o'er,
And welcome duty's trial-hour.
I call on toil, to wear away
These trembling feelings, ill-repressed;
I call on custom's wintry sway
To freeze the hot blood of my breast.
The caged bird dies whose mate has flown,
Why should my heart's sensation last,
Its twin-soul fled, its love-bowers on
The dim horizon of the Past!

THE VIOLET.

Why lingerest thou, pale violet, to see the dying year;
Are autumn's blasts fit music for thee, fragile one, to hear;
Will thy clear blue eye, upward bent, still keep its chastened glow,
Still tearless lift its slender form above the wintry snow?

Why wilt thou live when none around reflects thy pensive ray?
Thou bloomest here a lonely thing in the clear autumn day.
The tall green trees, that shelter thee, their last gay dress put on;
There will be nought to shelter thee when their sweet leaves are gone.

O violet, like thee, how blest could I lie down and die,
When summer light is fading, and autumn breezes sigh;
When winter reigned I 'd close my eye, but wake with bursting spring,
And live with living nature, a pure rejoicing thing.

I had a sister once who seemed just like a violet;
Her morning sun shone bright and calmly purely set;
When the violets were in their shrouds, and summer in its pride,
She laid her hopes at rest, and in the year's rich beauty died.

STANZAS.

Nature doth have her dawn each day,
  But mine are far between;
Content, I cry, for sooth to say,
  Mine brightest are, I ween.

For when my sun doth deign to rise,
  Though it be her noontide,
Her fairest field in shadow lies,
  Nor can my light abide.

Sometimes I bask me in her day,
  Conversing with my mate;
But if we interchange one ray,
  Forthwith her heats abate.

Through his discourse I climb and see,
  As from some eastern hill,
A brighter morrow rise to me
  Than lieth in her skill.

As 't were two summer days in one,
  Two Sundays come together,
Our rays united make one Sun,
  With fairest summer weather.

D. H. T.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

Opinions are divided respecting German literature. If we are to believe what is currently reported, and generally credited, there is, somewhere in New England, a faction of discontented men and maidens, who have conspired to love everything Teutonic, from Dutch skates to German infidelity. It is supposed, at least asserted, that these misguided persons would fain banish all other literature clean out of space; or, at the very least, would give it precedence of all other letters, ancient or modern. Whatever is German, they admire; philosophy, dramas, theology, novels, old ballads, and modern sonnets, histories, and dissertations, and sermons; but above all, the immoral and irreligious writings, which it is supposed the Germans are chiefly engaged in writing, with the generous intention of corrupting the youth of the world, restoring the worship of Priapus, or Pan, or the Pope, — it is not decided which is to receive the honor of universal homage, — and thus gradually preparing for the Kingdom of Misrule, and the dominion of Chaos, and "most ancient Night." It is often charitably taken for granted, that the lovers of German works on Philosophy and Art amongst us, are moved thereto, either by a disinterested love of whatever is German, or else, which is the more likely, by a disinterested love of evil, and the instigation of the devil, who, it is gravely said, has actually inspired several of the most esteemed writers of that nation. This German epidemic, we are told, extends very wide. It has entered the boarding-schools for young misses, of either sex, and committed the most frightful ravages therein. We have been apprised that it has sometimes seized upon a College, nay, on Universities, and both the Faculty and the Corporation have exhibited symptoms of the fatal disease. Colleges, did we say?

"No place is sacred, not the Church is free."

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* Specimens of Foreign Standard Literature, edited by George Ripley, Vol. VII., VIII., and IX., containing German Literature, translated from the German of Wolfgang Menzel, by C. C. Felton; in Three Volumes. Boston: Hilliard, Gray and Co. 1840.

It has attacked clergymen, in silk and in lawn. The Doctors of Divinity fall before it. It is thought, that

> "Fever and ague, jaundice and catarrh,
> The grim-looked tyrant's heavy horse of war;
> And apoplexies, those light troops of death,
> That use small ceremony with our breath,"

are all nothing to the German epidemic. We meet men with umbrellas and over-shoes, men "shawled to the teeth," and suppose they are prudent persons, who have put on armor against this subtle foe. Histories of this plague, as of the cholera, have been written; the public has often been called to defend itself from the enemy, and quarantine regulations are put in force against all suspected of the infection. In short, the prudent men of the land, men wise to foresee, and curious to prevent evil, have not failed to advise the public from time to time of the danger that is imminent, and to recommend certain talismans, as effectual safeguards. We think a copy of the "Westminster Catechism," or the "Confessions of Faith adopted by the Council of Trent," or the "Athanasian Creed," perhaps, if hung about the neck, and worn next the skin, might save little children, and perhaps girls nearly grown up, especially, if they read these amulets every morning, fasting. But a more important specific has occurred to us, which we have never known to fail, and it has been tried in a great many cases, in both hemispheres. The remedy is simple; it is a strong infusion of Dulness. Continued applications of this excellent nostrum, will save any person, we think, from all but very slight attacks of this epidemic. Certainly it will secure the patient from the worst form of the disease, — the philosophical frenzy, which it is said prevails in colleges, and among young damsels. We think it does not attack the pulpit. The other forms of the malady are mainly cutaneous, and easily guarded against.

It has often been matter of astonishment to us, that the guardians of the public welfare did not discover German literature when it first set foot in America, and thrust it back into the ocean; and we can only account for the fact of its extension here, from the greater activity of Evil in general. "Rank weeds do grow apace." So this evil has grown up in the absence of our guardians, as the golden calf was made, while Moses was in the mount, fasting.

While the young men and maidens have been eating the German lotus, the guardians of the public weal have been "talking, or pursuing, or journeying, or peradventure, they slept, and must needs be awaked." However this may be, they are now awake, and in full cry.

Now for our own part, we have never yet fallen in with any of these dangerous persons, who have this exaggerated admiration for whatever is Teutonic, still less this desire to overthrow Morality, and turn Religion out of the world. This fact may be taken as presumptive evidence of blindness on our part, if men will. We sometimes, indeed, meet with men, and women also, well read in this obnoxious literature; they are mostly, — yes, without a single exception, as we remember, — unoffending persons. They "gang their ain gait," and leave others the same freedom. They have tastes of their own; scholarly habits; some of them are possessed of talent, and no contemptible erudition, judging by the New England standard. They honor what they find good, and to their taste, in German literature as elsewhere. Men and women, some of them are, who do not think all intellectual and æsthetic excellence is contained in a hundred volumes of Greek and Roman authors, profound and beautiful as they are. They study German Philosophy, Theology, Criticism, and Literature in general, as they would the similar works of any nation, for the good they contain. This, we think, is not forbidden by the Revised Statutes, or any other universal standard of right and wrong. Why should not a man study even Sanscrit Philosophy, if he will, and profit by it, in peace, if he can? We do not say there are no enthusiastic or fanatical admirers of this literature; nor, that there are none, who "go too far" in their admiration, — which means, in plain English, farther than their critic, — but that such persons are by no means common; so that there seems, really, very small cause for the panic, into which some good people have seen fit to fall. We doubt the existence, therefore, of this reputed faction of men and maidens, who design to reinstate Confusion on her throne.

But, on the other hand, we are told, — and partly believe it, — that there is a party of cool-headed, discreet, moderate, sound, and very respectable persons, who hate German literature. Of these we can speak from knowledge.

Most men have heard of them, for they have cried out like Bluebeard in the tale, "till all shook again." They are plenty as acorns in autumn, and may be had for the asking. This party has, to speak gently, a strong dislike to German literature, philosophy, and theology. Sometimes this dislike is founded on a knowledge of facts, an acquaintance with the subject, in which case no one will find fault; but far oftener it rests merely on prejudice, — on the most utter ignorance of the whole matter. Respecting this latter class of haters without knowledge, we have a few words to say. We have somewhere seen it written, "he that answereth a matter before he heareth it, it is a folly and shame unto him." We commend it to the attention of these judges. They criticise German literature by wholesale and retail, — to adopt the ingenious distinction of Dr. Watts. They issue their writs, and have the shadow of some poor German brought into the court of their greatness, and pass sentence with the most speedy justice, never examining the evidence, nor asking a question, nor permitting the prisoner at the bar to say a word for himself, till the whole matter is disposed of. Before this honorable bench, Goethe, and Schleiermacher, and Schiller, and Arndt, and Kant, and Leibnitz, Henry Heine, and Jacob Böhme, Schelling of universal renown, and Schefer of Muskau in Nieder-Lausitz, and Hegel, and Strauss, with their aids and abettors, are brought up and condemned as mystics, infidels, or pantheists; in one word, as Germans. Thus the matter is disposed of by the honorable court. Now we would not protest against this method of proceeding, ancient as it is, and supported by precedents from the time of Jethro to General Jackson. Such a protest would be "a dangerous innovation," no doubt. We would have no exceptions from the general method made in favor of German letters. No literature was ever written into more than temporary notice, and certainly none was ever written down. German literature amongst us encounters just the same treatment the classic authors received at the hands of the middle ages. When those old sages and saints began to start out of the corners where night had overtaken them, men were alarmed at their strange faces and antique beards, and mysterious words. "What," said they, as they gaped on one another, in the parlor, the court, the

camp, or the church, with terror in their faces, — "What! study Greek and Roman letters! Greek and Roman philosophy? shall we men of the TENTH century, study authors who lived two thousand years ago, in an age of darkness? Shame on the thought! Shall we, who are Christians, and live in an age of light, look for instruction to Plato, Aristotle, Cicero, or Seneca, men from dark pagan times? It were preposterous! Let such works perish, or sink back to their original night."* So it goes with us, and it is said, "Shall we Americans, excellent Christians as we are, who live in a land of education, of righteousness, of religion, and know how to reconcile it all with our three millions of slaves; in the land of steamboats and railroads, we Americans, possessed of all needed intelligence and culture, shall we read the books of the Germans, infidels as they are? Germans, who dwell in the clouds, and are only fitted by divine grace to smoke tobacco and make dictionaries! Out upon the thought."

No doubt this decision is quite as wise as that pronounced so gravely by conservatives and alarmists of the middle ages. "Would you have me try the criminal before I pass sentence?" said the Turkish justice; "that were a waste of words and time, for if I should condemn him after examination, why not before, and so save the trouble of looking into the matter?" Certainly the magistrate was wise, and wherever justice is thus administered, the traditional complaint of the "law's delay" will never dare lift up its voice. Honor to the Turkish judge and his swift decision; long may it be applied to German literature. Certainly it is better that ninety-and-nine innocent persons should suffer outrageous torture, than that one guilty should escape. Why should not public opinion lay an embargo on German words, as on India crackers, or forbid their sale? Certainly it costs more labor to read them, than the many excellent books in the mother tongue. No doubt a ready reader

* The following anecdote is quite to the point: One day, in the year 1530, a French monk *said in the pulpit*, "a new language has been discovered, which is called Greek. You must take good heed, and keep out of its way. This language engenders all heresies. I see in the hands of many, a book written in this language. It is called the New Testament. It is a book full of thorns and vipers. As for the Hebrew language, all who study that become Jews immediately." — *Sismondi, Histoire des Francais*, T. XVI. p. 364, cited in Michelet's Hist. Luther.

would go over the whole ninety-eight volumes of Sir Walter Scott, in less time than he could plod through and master the single obstinate book of Kant's Kritik of the Pure Reason. Stewart, and Brown, and Reid, and Paley, and Thomas Dick, and Abercrombie, are quite easy reading. They trouble no man's digestion, though he read them after dinner with his feet on the fender. Are not these writers, with their illustrious progenitors, successors, and coadjutors, sufficient for all practical purposes? Why, then, allow our studious youth in colleges and log-cabins to pore over Leibnitz and Hegel till they think themselves blind, and the red rose yields to the white on their cheek?

In the name of good sense, we would ask if English literature, with the additions of American genius, is not rich enough without our going to the Hercynian forest, where the scholars do not think, but only dream? Not to mention Milton, and Shakspeare, and Bacon, — names confessedly without parallel in the history of thought, — have we not surpassed the rest of the world, in each department of science, literature, philosophy, and theology? Whence come the noble array of scientific works, that connect general laws with single facts, and reveal the mysteries of nature? Whence come the most excellent works in poetry, criticism, and art? Whence the profound treatises on ethics and metaphysics? Whence the deep and wide volumes of theology, the queen of all sciences? Whence come works on the classics of Greece and Rome? Whence histories of all the chief concerns of man? Do they not all come, in this age, from England and our own bosom? What need have we of asking favors from the Germans, or of studying their literature? As the middle-age monks said of the classics, — ANATHEMA SIT. It is certainly right, that the ghost of terror, like Mr. Littlefaith in the story, should cross itself in presence of such a spirit, and utter its APAGE SATHANAS. Such an anathema would, no doubt, crush the Monadnock — or a sugar-plum.

But let us come out of this high court of Turkish justice, and for a moment look German literature in the face, and allow it to speak for itself. To our apprehension, German literature is the fairest, the richest, the most original, fresh, and religious literature of all modern times. We say this

advisedly. We do not mean to say Germany has produced the greatest poetic genius of modern times. It has no Shakspeare, as the world has but one, in whom the Poetic Spirit seems to culminate, though it will doubtless rise higher in better ages. But we sometimes hear it said, admitting the excellence of two or three German writers, yet their literature is narrow, superficial, and poor, when compared with that of England. Let us look at the facts, and compare the two in some points. Classical taste and culture have long been the boast of England. There is a wealth of classical allusion in her best writers, which has an inexpressible charm, and forms the chief minor grace, in many a work of poetic art. Classical culture is the pride, we take it, of her two "ancient and honorable universities," and their spirit prevails everywhere in the island. The English scholar is proud of his "quantity," and the correctness of his quotations from Seneca and Demosthenes. But from what country do we get editions of the classics, that are worth the reading, in which modern science and art are brought to bear on the ancient text? What country nurtures the men that illustrate Homer, Herodotus, the Anthology of Planudes, and the dramatic poets? Who explain for us the antiquities of Athens, and write minute treatises on the law of inheritance, the castes, tribes, and manners of the men of Attica? Who collect all the necessary facts, and reproduce the ideas lived out, consciously or unconsciously, on the banks of the Eurotas, the Nile, or the Alpheus? Why, the Germans. We do not hesitate to say, that in the present century not a Greek or a Roman classic has been tolerably edited in England, except through the aid of some German scholar. The costly editions of Greek authors that come to us from Oxford and London, beautiful reprints of Plato, Aristotle, Aristophanes, Euripides, Sophocles, Æschylus, Herodotus, the Attic orators, and Plotinus; all these are the work of German erudition, German toil, German genius sometimes. The wealthy islanders, proud of their classic culture, furnish white paper and luminous type; but the curious diligence that never tires; the profound knowledge and philosophy which brings the whole light of Grecian genius to illuminate a single point; all this is German, and German solely. Did it not happen within ten years, that the translation of a German

work, containing some passages in Greek, incorrectly pointed in the original edition, and, therefore, severely censured at home, was about being published in Edinburgh, and no man could be found in the Athens of the North, and "no man in all Scotland," who could correctly accent the Greek words! The fact must be confessed. So the book was sent to its author, — a Professor of Theology, — and he put it into the hands of one of his pupils, and the work was done. These things are trifles, but a straw shows which way the stream runs, when a mill-stone would not. Whence come even the grammars and lexicons, of almost universal use in studying the ancient authors? The name of Reimer, and Damm, and Schneider, and Büttmann, and Passow, give the answer. Where are the English classical scholars in this country, who take rank with Wolf, Heyne, Schweighauser, Wyttenbach, Boeckh, Herrmann, Jacobs, Siebelis, Hoffmann, Siebenkis, Müller, Creutzer, Wellauer, and Ast? Nay, where shall we find the rivals of Dindorf, Shäfer, Stallbaum, Spitzner, Bothe, and Bekker, and a host more, for we have only written down those which rushed into our mind? What English name of the present century can be mentioned with the least of these? Not one. They labor, and we may enter into their labors, if we are not too foolish. Who write ancient history like Niehbühr, and Müller, and Schlosser? But for the Germans, the English would have believed till this day, perhaps, all the stories of Livy, that it rained stones, and oxen spoke, for so it was written in Latin, and the text was unimpeachable.

But some may say, these are not matters of primary concern; in things of "great pith and moment," we are superior to these Teutonic giants. Would it were so. Perhaps, in some of the physical sciences, the English surpass their German friends, though even here we have doubts, which are strengthened every month. One would expect the most valuable works on physical geography from England; but we are disappointed, and look in vain for any one to rival Ritter, or even Mannert. In works of general civil and political history in the present century, though we have two eminent historians in our own country, one of whom must take rank with Thucydides and Tacitus, Gibbon and Hume, England has nothing to equal the great works of Von Hammer, Wilkins, and Schlosser. Why need we mention the

German histories of inventions, of art, of each science, of classical education, of literature in general? Why name their histories of Philosophy, from Brucker down to Brandis and Michelet? In English, we have but Stanley, good in his time, and valuable even now, and Enfield, a poor compiler from Brucker. The Germans abound in histories of literature, from the beginning of civilization down to the last Leipsic fair. In England, such works are unknown. We have as yet no history of our own literature, though the Germans have at least one, quite readable and instructive. Even the dry and defective book of Mr. Hallam, — for such it is with all its many excellencies, — is drawn largely from its German predecessors, though it is often inferior to them in vigor, and almost always in erudition and eloquence.

Doubtless, the English are a very learned people; a very Christian people likewise, no doubt. But within the present century, what has been written in the English tongue, in any department of theological scholarship, which is of value, and makes a mark on the age? The Bridgewater Treatises, and the new edition of Paley, — we blush to confess it, — are the best things. In the criticism and explanation of the Bible, Old Testament or New Testament, what has been written, that is worth reading? Nothing, absolutely nothing of any permanent value, save some half dozen of books, it may be, drawn chiefly from German sources. Who have written the grammars and lexicons, by which the Hebrew and Greek Testaments are read? Why, the Germans. Who have written critical introductions to the Bible, useful helps in studying the sacred letters? Why, the Germans. Who have best, and alone developed the doctrines of the Bible, and explained them, philosophically and practically? Why, the Germans again. Where are the men, who shall stand up in presence of Gesenius, Fürst, Schleusner, and Wahl; Winer, and Ewald, and Nordheimer; Michaelis, Eichhorn, Jahn, and Bertholdt, Hug, and De Wette; the Rosenmüllers, Maurer, Umbreit, Credner, Paulus, Kuinoel, Fritzsche, Von Meyer, Lücke, Olshausen, Hengstenberg, and Tholuck, and take rank as their peers? We look for them, but in vain. "We put our finger on them, and they are not there." What work on theology, which has deserved or attracted general notice, has been written in English, in the present century? We know of none. In Ger-

many, such works are numerous. They have been written by pious men, and the profoundest scholars of the age. Wegscheider's Theology is doubtless a poor work; but its equal is nowhere to be found in the English tongue. Its equal, did we say? There is nothing that can pretend to approach it. Where, then, shall we find rivals for such theologians as Ammon, Kase, Daub, Baumgarten Crusius, Schleiermacher, Breschneider, and De Wette? even for Zachariæ, Vatke, and Kaiser?

In ecclesiastical history every body knows what sort of works have proceeded from the English and American scholars. Jortin, Milner, Priestley, Campbell, Echard, Erskine, Jones, Waddington, and Sabine; these are our writers. But what are their works? They are scarcely known in the libraries of scholars. For our knowledge of ecclesiastical history we depend on the translations from Du Pin, and Tillemont, or more generally on those from the German Mosheim and Gieseler. All our English ecclesiastical histories, what are they when weighed against Mosheim, the Walchs, Vater, Gieseler, Schröekh, Planck, Muenscher, Tzschirner, and Neander? Why they might make sumptuous repasts on the crumbs which fall from these men's table. The Germans publish the Fathers of the Greek and Latin church, and study them. To the English they are almost "a garden shut up and a fountain sealed." It is only the Germans in this age, who study theology, or even the Bible, with the aid of enlightened and scientific criticism. There is not even a history of theology in our language.

But this is not all, by no means the chief merit of the German scholars. Within less than threescore years there have appeared among them four philosophers, who would have been conspicuous in any age, and will hereafter, we think, be named with Plato, Aristotle, Bacon, Descartes, and Leibnitz—among the great thinkers of the world. They are Kant, Fichte, Schelling, and Hegel. Silently these lights arose and went up the sky without noise, to take their place among the fixed stars of Genius and shine with them, names that will not fade out of heaven until some ages shall have passed away. These men were thinkers all; deep, mighty thinkers. They knelt reverently down before Nature, with religious hearts, and asked her questions. They sat on the brink of the well of Truth, and continued to draw

for themselves and the world. Take Kant alone, and in the whole compass of thought, we scarce know his superior. From Aristotle to Leibnitz, we do not find his equal. No, nor since Leibnitz. Need we say it? Was there not many a Lord Bacon in Immanuel Kant? Leibnitz himself was not more capacious, nor the Stagyrite more profound. What revolutions are in his thoughts. His books are battles. Philosophical writers swarm in Germany. Philosophy seems epidemic almost, and a score of first rate American, or half a dozen English reputations, might be made out of any of their philosophical writers of fourth or fifth magnitude. Here, one needs very little scholarship to establish a name. A small capital suffices for the outfit, for the credit system seems to prevail in the literary, as well as the commercial world; and one can draw on the Bank of Possibilities, as well as the fund of achievements. One need but open any number of the Berlin Jahrbucher, the Jena Allgemeine Literatur Zeitung, or the Studien and Kritiken, to see what a lofty spirit prevails among the Germans in philosophy, criticism, and religion. There, a great deal is taken for granted, and supposed to be known to all readers, which here is not to be supposed, except of a very few, the most learned. Philosophy and theology, we reckon as the pride of the Germans. Here their genius bursts into bloom, and ripens into fruit. But they are greatly eminent, likewise, in the departments of poetry, and elegant letters in general. Notwithstanding their wealth of erudition, they are eminently original. Scandinavia and the East, Greece and the middle ages, all pour their treasures into the lap of the German muse, who not only makes trinkets therefrom, but out of her own stores of linen, and wool, and silk, spins and weaves strong and beautiful apparel for all her household, and the needy everywhere. "She maketh herself coverings of tapestry; her clothing is silk and purple." No doubt, among the Germans there is an host of servile imitators, whose mind travels out of itself, so to say, and makes pilgrimages to Dante, or Shakspeare, or Pindar, or Thucydides. Some men think they are very Shakspeares, because they transgress obvious rules. The sickly negations of Byron, his sensibility, misanthropy, and affectation, are aped every day in Berlin and Vienna. Horace and Swift, Anacreon and Bossuet, and Seneca and Walter Scott, not to name

others, have imitators in every street, who remind one continually of the wren that once got into the eagle's nest, set up to be king of the birds, and attempted a scream. Still the staple of their literature is eminently original. In point of freshness, it has no equal since the days of Sophocles. Who shall match with Wieland, and Lessing, the Schlegels, Herder, so sweet and beautiful, Jean-Paul, Tieck, and Schiller, and Goethe? We need not mention lesser names, nor add more of their equals.

In what we have said, we would not underrate English literature, especially the works of former ages. We would pay deep and lasting homage to the great poets, historians, philosophers, and divines of the mother country, in her best days. Their influence is still fresh and living throughout the world of letters. But as these great spirits ascended, the mantle of their genius, or inspiration, has fallen on the Germans, and not the English. Well says a contemporary, "Modern works are greatly deficient both in depth and purity of sentiment. They seldom contain original and striking views of the nature of man, and of the institutions which spring from his volition. There is a dearth of thought and sterility of sentiment among us. Literature, art, philosophy, and life, are without freshness, ideality, verity, and spirit. Most works, since the days of Milton, require little thought; they want depth, freshness; the meaning is on the surface; and the charm, if any, is no deeper than the fancy; the imagination is not called into life; the thoughts are carried creepingly along the earth, and often lost amid the low and uncleanly things of sense and custom." "I do not, at this time, think of any writer since Milton, excepting Coleridge and Wordsworth, whose works require a serene and thoughtful spirit, in order to be understood." *

As little would we be insensible to the merits of the rising literature of our own land. Little could be expected of us, hitherto. Our business has been, to hew down the forest; to make paths and saw-mills; railroads and steamboats; to lay the foundation of a great people, and provide for the emergencies of the day. As yet, there is no American literature, which corresponds to the first principles of our institutions, as the English or French literature corre-

* A. B. Alcott in "Record of a School."

sponds to theirs. We are, perhaps, yet too young and raw to carry out the great American idea, either in literature or society. At present, both are imitations, and seem rather the result of foreign and accidental circumstances, than the offspring of our own spirit. No doubt the time will come, when there shall be an American school, in science, letters, and the elegant arts. Certainly, there is none now. The promise of it must be sought in our newspapers, and speeches, oftener than in our books. Like all other nations, we have begun with imitations, and shall come to originals, doubtless, before we end.

But there is one peculiar charm in this literature, quite unequalled, we think, in modern days, that is, the RELIGIOUS character of German works. We know it is often said, the Germans are licentious, immoral in all ways, and above all men, — not the old giants excepted, — are haters of religion. One would fancy Mezentius or Goliath was the archetype of the nation. We say it advisedly, that this is, in our opinion, the most religious literature the world has seen since the palmy days of Greek writing, when the religious spirit seemed fresh, and warm, coming into life, and playing grateful with the bland celestial light, reflected from each flower-cup, and passing cloud, and received direct and straightway from the source of all. It stands an unconscious witness to the profound piety of the German heart. We had almost said it was the only Christian national literature the world has ever seen. Certainly, to our judgment, the literature of Old England, in her best days, was less religious in thought and feeling, as it was less beautiful in its form, and less simple in its quiet, loving holiness, than this spontaneous and multiform expression of the German soul. But we speak not for others; let each drink of "that spiritual rock," where the water is most salubrious to him. But we do not say that German literature comprises no works decidedly immoral and irreligious. Certainly we have read such, but they are rare, while almost every book, not entirely scientific and technical, breathes a religious spirit. You meet this, coming unobtrusively upon you, where you least of all expect it. We do not say, that the idea of a Christian literature is realized in Germany, or likely to be realized. No; the farthest from it possible. No nation has yet dreamed of realizing it. Nor can this

be done, until Christianity penetrates the heart of the nations, and brings all into subjection to the spirit of life. The Christianity of the world is yet but a baptized heathenism, so literature is yet heathen and profane. We dare not think, lest we think against our Faith. As if Truth were hostile to Faith, and God's house were divided against itself. The Greek literature represents the Greek religion; its ideal and its practical side. But all the literature of all Christian nations, taken together, does not represent the true Christian religion, only that fraction of it these nations could translate into their experience. Hence, we have as yet only the cradle song of Christianity, and its nursery rhymes. The same holds true in art, — painting, sculpture, and architecture. Hitherto it is only the church militant, not the church triumphant, that has been represented. A Gothic cathedral gives you the aspiration, not the attainment, the resting in the fulness of God, which is the end of Christianity. We have Magdalens, Madonnas; saints, emaciated almost to anatomies, with most rueful visage, and traditional faces of the Saviour. These, however, express the penitence, the wailing of the world lying in darkness, rather than the light of the nations. The Son of Man risen from the grave, is yet lacking in art. The Christian Prometheus, or Apollo, is not yet; still less the triple graces, and the Olympian Jove of Christianity. What is Saint Peter's to the Parthenon, considered as symbols of the two religions? The same deficiency prevails in literature. We have inherited much from the heathen, and so Christianity, becoming the residuary legatee of deceased religions, has earned but little for itself. History has not yet been written in the spirit of the Christian scheme; as a friend says, hitherto it has been the "history of elder brothers." Christianity would write of the whole family. The great Christian poem, the Tragedy of Mankind, has not yet been conceived. A Christian philosophy founded on an exhaustive analysis of Man, is among the things that are distant. The true religion has not yet done its work in the heart of the nations. How, then, can it reach their literature, their arts, their society, which come from the nation's heart? Christianity is still in the manger, wrapped in swaddling bands, and unable to move its limbs. Its Jewish parent watches fearful, with a pondering heart. The shep-

herds that honor the new-born are Jewish still, dripping as yet with the dews of ancient night. The heathen magicians have come up to worship, guided by the star of truth, which goes before all simple hearts, and lighteth every man that cometh into the world. But they are heathen even now. They can only offer "gold, and frankincense, and myrrh." They do not give their mind, and still less their heart. The celestial child is still surrounded by the oxen, that slumber in their stalls, or wake to blame the light that prevents their animal repose. The Herod of superstition is troubled, and his city with him. Alarmed at the new tidings, he gathers together his mighty men; his chief priests and scribes, to take counsel of his twin prophets, the Flesh and the Devil, and while he pretends to seek only to worship, he would gladly slay the young child, that is born King of the world. But Christianity will yet grow up to manhood, and escape the guardianship of traditions, to do the work God has chosen. Then, and not till then, will the gospel of beautiful souls, fair as the light, and "terrible as an army with banners," be written in the literature, arts, society, and life of the world. Now when we say that German literature is religious, above all others, we mean, that it comes nearer than any other to the Christian ideal of literary art. Certainly it by no means reaches the mark.

Such, then, is German literature. Now with those among us, who think nothing good can come of it, we have nothing to say. Let them rejoice in their own cause, and be blessed in it. But from the influence this rich, beloved, and beautiful literature will exert on our infant world of letters, we hope the most happy results. The diligence which shuns superficial study; the boldness which looks for the causes of things, and the desire to fall back on what alone is elementary and eternal, in criticism, philosophy, and religion; the religious humility and reverence which pervades it, may well stimulate our youth to great works. We would not that any one should give in his adhesion to a German master, or copy German models. All have their defects. We wonder that clear thinkers can write so darkly as some do, and that philosophers and theologians are content with their slovenly paragraphs, after Goethe has written such

luminous prose. We doubt, that their philosophical or theological systems can ever take root in the American mind. But their method may well be followed; and fortunate will it be for us if the central truths, their systems are made to preserve, are sown in our soil, and bear abundant fruit. No doubt, there is danger in studying these writings; just as there is danger in reading Copernicus, or Locke, Aristotle, or Lord Brougham, or Isaiah and St. John. As a jocose friend says, "it is always dangerous for a young man to think, for he may think wrong, you know." It were sad to see men run mad after German philosophy; but it is equally sad to see them go to the same excess in English philosophy. If "Transcendentalism" is bad, so is Paleyism, and Materialism. Truth is possessed entire by no sect, German or English. It requires all schools to get at all Truth, as the whole Church is needed to preach the whole Gospel. Blessed were the days when Truth dwelt among men in her wholeness. But alas! they only existed in fable, and now, like Osiris in the story, she is cut into fragments and scattered world-wide, and sorrowing mortals must journey their life-long, to gather here a piece and there a piece. But the whole can never be joined and reanimated in this life. Where there is much thought, there will be some truth, and where there is freedom in thinking, there is room for misconduct also. We hope light from Germany; but we expect shadows with it. The one will not eclipse the sun, nor the other be thicker than the old darkness we have "felt" from our youth up. We know there is SIN among the Germans; it is so wherever there are men and women. Philosophy, in Germany or England, like the stout man a journeying, advances from day to day; but sometimes loses the track and wanders, "not knowing whither he goeth;" nay, sometimes stumbles into a ditch. When this latter accident, — as it is confessed, — has befallen Philosophy in America and England, and men declare she is stark dead, we see not why her friends might not call on her German sister, to extricate her from the distress, and revive her once more, or at least give her decent burial. We are sorry, we confess it, to see foolish young men, and old men not burthened with wisdom, trusting wholly in a man; thinking as he thinks, and moving as he pulls the strings. It is dangerous to yield

thus to a German, or a Scotch philosopher. It were bad to be borne off on a cloud by Fichte and Hegel, or to be made "spouse of the worm and brother of the clay," by Priestley or Paley. But we fancy it was better to fall into the hands of Jove than Pluto. We cannot predict the result of the German movement in philosophy; but we see no more reason for making Henry Heine, Gutzkow, and Schefer the exponents of that movement, — as the manner of some is, — than for selecting Bulwer, Byron, Moore, and Taylor the infidel, to represent the Church of England. Seneca and Petronius were both Roman men, but which is the type? Let German literature be weighed in an even balance, and then pass for what it is worth. We have no fear that it will be written down, and should be sorry to see any exaggerated statement of its excellence, which would in the end lead to disappointment.

We turn now to the book named at the head of our article. The author's design is to give a picture of German literature. His work does not pretend to be a history, nor to point out the causes which have made the literature what it is. His aim is to write of subjects, rather than to talk about books. His work is merely a picture. Since this is so, its character depends on two things, namely, the artist's point of sight, and the fidelity with which he has painted things as they appear, from that point. The first question then is, from what point does he survey the field? It is not that of philosophy, theology, or politics. He is no adept in either of these sciences. He is eminently national, and takes the stand of a German amateur. Therefore it is his duty to paint things as they appear to a disinterested German man of letters; so he must treat of religion, philosophy, education, history, politics, natural science, poetry, law, and criticism, from this point of view. It would certainly require an encyclopedical head to discuss ably all these subjects, and bring them down to the comprehension of the unlearned. It was scarcely to be expected, that any one man should be so familiar with all departments of thought in a literature so wide and rich as this, as never to make mistakes, and even great mistakes. Now Mr. Menzel does not give us a faithful picture of things as seen from this position, as we shall proceed to show in some details. He

carries with him violent prejudices, which either blind his eyes to the truth, or prevent him from representing it as it is. On his first appearance, his unmanly hostility to Goethe began to show itself.* Nay, it appeared, we are told, in his Streckverse, published a little before. This hostility amounts to absolute hatred, we think, not only of the works, but of the man, himself. This animosity towards distinguished authors, vitiates the whole work. Personal feelings and prepossessions perpetually interrupt the cool judgment of the critic. When a writer attempts, as Menzel does, to show that an author who has a reputation, which covers the world, and rises higher and higher each year; who is distinguished for the breadth of his studies, and the newness of his views, and his exquisite taste in all matters of art, — is only a humbug, what can we do but smile, and ask, if effects come without causes? Respecting this hostility to Goethe, insane as it obviously is, we have nothing to say. Besides, the translator has ably referred to the matter in the preface. That Goethe, as a man, was selfish to a very high degree, a debauchee and well-bred epicurean, who had little sympathy with what was highest in man, so long as he could crown himself with rose-buds, we are willing to admit. But let him have justice, none the less. Mr. Menzel sets up a false standard, by which to judge literary productions. Philosophy, ethics, art, and literature, should be judged of by their own laws. We would not censure the Laocoön, because it did not teach us agriculture, nor the Iliad, because it was not republican enough for our taste. Each of these works is to be judged by its own principles. Now, we object to our friend, that he judges literary works by the political complexion of their author. Thus, for example, not to mention Goethe, he condemns Johann von Müller, — whom, as a Swiss, he was not bound to mention among German writers, — and all his works, because he was no patriot. For him "of all the German writers, I entertain the profoundest contempt." No doubt, the venerable historian, as some one has said, would be overwhelmed as he stands in

* Eurossaischen Blättern for 1824, I. B. 8, 101 – 108, and IV., and 233, seq. But these we have never seen, and only a few stray numbers of the Literatur-Blatt.

the Elysian fields, with Tacitus and Thucydides, to be despised by such an historian as Menzel!* So Krug is condemned, not for his fustiness and superficiality, but because he wrote against the Poles.† It is surprising to what a length this is carried. He ought to condemn the "Egoism" of Fichte, no less than that of Hegel. But because the former is a liberal, and the latter a conservative, the same thing is tolerated in the one and condemned in the other. Words cannot express his abhorrence of Hegel. Fries is commended as a philosopher, because he was "almost the only true patriot among our philosophers." Oken must not be reproached with his coarse Materialism, because he resigned his professorship at Jena, rather than give up his liberal journal. These few instances are sufficient to show the falseness of his standard.

He indulges in personal abuse; especially does he pour out the vials of his calumny on the "young Germans," whom he censures for their personal abuse. He seems to have collected all the "little city twaddle," as the Germans significantly name it, as material for his work, and very striking are the colors, indeed. His abuse of this kind is so gross, that we shall say no more of it.‡ Mr. Menzel is the Berserker of modern critics. He scorns all laws of literary warfare, scalps, and gouges, and stabs under the fifth rib, and sometimes condescends to tell a downright lie, as we shall show in its place. He often tries the works he censures by a moral, and not a critical or artistic standard. No doubt the moral is the highest, and a work of art, wherein the moral element is wanting, deserves the severest censure. No man can insist on this too strongly. But when a man writes for the artistic point of view, we think it his duty to adhere to his principles. If a work is immoral, it is so far false to the first principles of art. It does very little good, we fancy, merely to cry out, that this book of Gutzkow, or that of Goethe, is immoral. It only makes foolish young men the more eager to read it. But if the critic would show, that the offending parts were false, no

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* See an able defence of Von Müller, in Strauss's Streitschriften, Heft 2. Tübingen: 1837. p. 100.

† Vol. I. p. 235, seq.

‡ Read who will, Vol. III. p. 228, for an example.

less than wicked, and mere warts and ulcers on the body of the work, he would make the whole appear loathsome, and not attractive. Mr. Menzel is bound to do this, for he believes that the substance and the form of art are inseparable, or in plain English, that virtue is beautiful, and vice ugly. Having made this criticism, he might justly pronounce the moral sentence also. If truth is harmonious, then a licentious work is false and detestable, as well in an artistic as in a moral point of view. But we cannot enlarge on this great question at the end of an article.

Judging Menzel from his own point of view, this work is defective in still graver points. He carries his partisan feelings wherever he goes, and with very superficial knowledge passes a false sentence on great men and great things. His mistakes are sometimes quite amusing, even to an American scholar, and must be doubly ludicrous to a German, whose minute knowledge of the literature of his own country would reveal more mistakes than meet our eye. We will point out a few of these in only two chapters. That on philosophy and religion. In the first, we think the author may safely defy any one to divine from his words the philosophical systems of the writers he treats of. Take, for a very striking example, his remarks upon Leibnitz, (Vol. I. p. 219.) "The great Leibnitz, who stood on the boundary line between the old times of astrology, magic, and sympathetic influences, and the later times of severe scientific method, united the labyrinth of life, belonging to these austere dark days, with the clear light of our own. He was animated with deep religious faith, but still had the full vigor of thought. Living faith in God was his rock; *but his system of world-harmony*,* showed nothing of the darkly-colored cathedral light of the ancient mystics; it stood forth in the clear white light of the day, like a marble temple on the mountain-top." From this statement, one would naturally connect Leibnitz with Pythagoras, Kepler, and Baron Swedenborg, who really believed and taught the world-harmony. But who would ever dream of the Monads, which play such a part in the system of Leib-

* Mr. Felton has translated Weltharmonie "Preëstablished Harmony," which Leibnitz believed in, but it is not the meaning of the word.

nitz? He tells us, that Eberhard has written a onesided and Kantian history of philosophy, which is very strange in a man who lived a Wolfian all his days, and fought against the critical philosophy, though with somewhat more zeal than knowledge, it is thought. Besides, his history of Philosophy was published in 1788, before the Kantian philosophy had become lord of the ascendant. As he criticises poets by the patriotic standard, so he tries the philosophers by his æsthetic rule, and wonders they are hard to understand. But these are minor defects; come we to the greater. His remarks on Kant are exceedingly unjust, not to speak more harshly. "The philosophical century wanted an earth without a heaven, a state without a church, man without a God. No one has shown so plainly as Kant, how with this limitation earth may still be a paradise, the state a moral union, and man a noble being, by his own reason and power, subjected to law." (Vol. I. p. 223.) We do not see how any one could come to this conclusion, who had read Kant's Kritik of Judgment, and Practical Reason, and conclude our critic, forgetting to look into these books, in his abhorrence of scholastic learning, and "study, that makes men pale," cut the matter short, and rode over the "high priori road," in great state to the conclusion. We pass over his account of Fichte and Schelling, leaving such as have the ability to determine, from his remarks, what were the systems of these two philosophers, and reconstruct them at their leisure. There is an old remark we have somewhere heard, that it takes a philosopher to judge a philosopher; and the truth of the proverb is very obvious to the readers of this chapter. Hegel seems the object of our author's most desperate dislike. His sin, however, is not so much his philosophy, as his conservative politics, as it appears. He does not condescend, — as an historian might do once in a while, — to give us a portrait, or even a caricature of his system; but contents himself with such abuse as the following precious sentences. "Hegel first reduced God to a mere speculation, led about by an evil spirit, in the void of his heavenly heath, who does nothing but think, indeed, nothing but think of thinking." (Vol. I. p. 259.) "He makes no distinction between himself and God; he gives himself out for God." He says God first came to a clear consciousness of himself "in the philosopher who has the

only right philosophy, therefore in himself, in the person of Hegel. Thus we have, then, a miserable, hunch-backed, book-learned God; a wooden and squinting academical man, a man of the most painful and pompous scholasticism; in a word, a German pedant on the throne of the world." We need make no comments on the spirit which suggests such a criticism upon a philosopher like Hegel. Still farther, he says, Förster "declared, over the grave of Hegel, that, beyond all doubt, Hegel was himself the Holy Ghost, the third person in the Godhead." When we read this several years ago, we believed the words were uttered by some man of an Oriental imagination, who meant no harm by his seeming irreverence. But on inquiry we find it is not so. One who heard Mr. Förster's Oration, who had it lying before him, in print, at the time of writing, declares, there was no such thing in it, but the strongest passage was this; "*Was it not he, who reconciled the unbelievers with God, inasmuch as he taught us truly to understand Jesus Christ?*" *

But enough on this subject. Let us say a word respecting the chapter on Religion, more particularly on that part relating to theology. Here the learned author's abhorrence of book-learning is more conspicuous than elsewhere, though obvious enough in all parts of the book. We pass over the first part of the chapter, — which contains some very good things, that will come to light in spite of the smart declamations in which they are floating, — and proceed to his account of Catholicism in Germany. (Vol. I. p. 114 – 139.) Here, in a work on German literature, we naturally expect a picture of the Catholic theology, at least a reference to the chief Catholic writers in this department. But we are disappointed again. We find declamations and anecdotes well fitted for the Penny Magazine, as a German critic says, to whom we are indebted for some hints on this topic.† He throws together such remarks as would make excellent and smart paragraphs in a newspaper; but gives no calm, philosophical view of the subject. He can enlarge on the Jesuits, or Jansenists, on the influence of Kant's and Schelling's philosophy, and the reaction in favor of Catholicism,

* Strauss, ubi sup. p. 212, 213.

† A writer in Rheinwald's Repertorium, Vol. XV., p. 14, seq.

for these subjects are in all mouths; but he scarce looks at the great philosophical question, on which the whole matter hinges. His acquaintance with modern Catholic writers seems to be as narrow as his philosophy is superficial. Gunther, Pabst, Möhler, Singler, Staudenmaier, Klee, and Hermes, have escaped the sharp glance of our author.* In the portion of the chapter which relates to Protestantism, we find the same defects. The sketch of the history of theology since Luther is hasty and inaccurate. It does not give the reader a clear conception of the progress of ideas. He makes some amusing misrepresentations on page 159 and 173, to which we will only refer. Among the most celebrated of German preachers, since the middle of the last century, he forgets to mention Teller, Löffler, Zollikoffer, Lavater, Herder, Tzschirner, Schmalz, Röhr, Zimmermann, De Wette, Marheineke, Nitzsch, Tholuck, Ehrenberg, Strauss, Reinhard, Therimin, Couard, Lisco, and many others of equal fame. Mosheim is mentioned as a distinguished writer on morals, Ammon and Bretschneider are dispatched in a word. Wetstein is mentioned among the followers of Ernesti and Semler, and is put after Eichhorn, though he died only two years after the latter was born. But it is an ungrateful task to point out these defects. Certainly we should but name them, if there were great and shining excellencies beside. But they are not to be found. The chapter gives a confused jumble of ideas, and not a true picture. True, it contains passages of great force and beauty, but throughout the whole section, order and method, accurate knowledge and an impartial spirit, are grievously wanting. Who would guess what great things had been done in Biblical criticism, from Mr. Menzel's words? Who would know that De Wette had written profound works in each of the four great departments of theology; indeed, that he wrote anything but a couple of romances? But we are weary with this fault-finding. However, one word must be said, by way of criticism upon his standing point itself. German literature is not to be surveyed by an amateur merely. The dilettante has no rule and compasses in his pocket, by which he can measure all the objects in this German ocean of books. No doubt his-

* See Rheinwald, ubi sup. 16.

tories of literature have hitherto been too often "written in the special interest of scholastic learning," and are antiquarian lists of books and not living histories. It is certainly well to write a history of literature so that all men may read. But it would require a most uncommon head to treat ably of all departments of literature and science. In one word, it is quite impossible to judge all by one rule. The writer, therefore, must change his position as often as he changes the subject. He must write of matters pertaining to religion, with the knowledge of a theologian; on philosophical subjects, like a philosopher, and so of the rest. Any attempt to describe them all from one point of sight seems as absurd as to reckon pounds, shillings, and pence, and drachms, ounces, quarters, and tons in the same column. A sketch of German theological literature ought to tell what had been done, and what was now doing by Protestants and Catholics, in the four great departments of exegetical, historical, systematic, and practical theology. It should put us in possession of the idea, which lies at the bottom of Catholicism and Protestantism, and tell what form this idea assumes, and why it takes this form, and no other. But to this Mr. Menzel makes no pretension. He has not the requisite knowledge for this. His learning seems gathered from reviews, newspapers, the conversations lexicon, literary gossip, and a very perfunctory perusal of many books. The whole work lacks in plan. There is no unity to the book. It seems a compilation of articles, written hastily in the newspapers, and designed for immediate effect. So the spirit of the partisan appears everywhere. We have declamation instead of matter-of-fact and cool judgment. Still the work is quite entertaining. Its author, no doubt, passes for a man of genius; but as a friend says, who rarely judges wrong, "he has more show than sinew, and makes up in smartness, what he wants in depth." We are glad to welcome the book in its English dress, but we hope it will be read with caution, as a guide not to be trusted. Its piquant style, and withering sarcasm, remind us often of Henry Heine, and the young Germans, with whom the author would not wish to be classed. We think it will not give a true idea of the German mind and its workings, to the mere English, or aid powerfully the student of German to find his way amid

that labyrinthian literature. The book is very suggestive, if one will but follow out the author's hints, and avoid his partialities and extravagance.

Professor Felton seems to have performed the work of translation with singular fidelity. His version is uncommonly idiomatic and fresh. It reads like original English. But here and there we notice a slight verbal inaccuracy in translating, which scarce any human diligence could avoid.* We regard the version as a monument of diligence and skill. The metrical translations are fresh and spirited.

Parker.

THE SNOW-STORM.

Announced by all the trumpets of the sky
Arrives the snow, and driving o'er the fields,
Seems nowhere to alight: the whited air
Hides hills and woods, the river, and the heaven,
And veils the farm-house at the garden's end.
The sled and traveller stopped, the courier's feet
Delayed, all friends shut out, the housemates sit
Around the radiant fire-place, enclosed
In a tumultuous privacy of storm.

Come see the north-wind's masonry.
Out of an unseen quarry evermore
Furnished with tile, the fierce artificer
Curves his white bastions with projected roof
Round every windward stake, or tree, or door.
Speeding, the myriad-handed, his wild work
So fanciful, so savage, nought cares he
For number or proportion. Mockingly
On coop or kennel he hangs Parian wreaths;
A swan-like form invests the hidden thorn;
Fills up the farmer's lane from wall to wall,
Maugre the farmer's sighs, and at the gate
A tapering turret overtops the work.
And when his hours are numbered, and the world
Is all his own, retiring, as he were not,
Leaves, when the sun appears, astonished Art
To mimic in slow structures, stone by stone,
Built in an age, the mad wind's night-work,
The frolic architecture of the snow.

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* It would have been a convenience to the readers, if it had been stated in the preface, that the version was made from the second German edition, published at Stuttgart, 1836; for the author only treats of things as they were at that time, or before it.

MENZEL'S VIEW OF GOETHE

Is that of a Philistine, in the least opprobrious sense of the term. It is one which has long been applied in Germany to petty cavillers and incompetent critics. I do not wish to convey a sense so disrespectful in speaking of Menzel. He has a vigorous and brilliant mind, and a wide, though imperfect, culture. He is a man of talent, but talent cannot comprehend genius. He judges of Goethe as a Philistine, inasmuch as he does not enter into Canaan, and read the prophet by the light of his own law, but looks at him from without, and tries him by a rule beneath which he never lived. That there *was* something he saw, what that something was *not* he saw, but *what* it was he could not see, none could *see*; it was something to be felt and known at the time of its apparition, but the sight of it was reserved to a day far enough removed from its sphere to get a commanding point of view. Has that day come? — A little while ago it seemed so; certain features of Goethe's personality, certain results of his tendency, had become so manifest. But as the hours mature the plants he planted, they shed a new seed for a yet more noble growth. A wider experience, a deeper insight, make rejected words come true, and bring a more refined perception of meaning already discerned. Like all his elder brothers of the elect band, the forlorn hope of humanity, he obliges us to live and grow, that we may walk by his side; vainly we strive to leave him behind in some niche of the hall of our ancestors, a few steps onward and we find him again, of yet serener eye and more towering mien than on his other pedestal. Former measurements of his size have, like the girdle bound by the nymphs round the infant Apollo, only served to make him outgrow the unworthy compass. The still rising sun, with its broader light, shows us it is not yet noon. In him is soon perceived a prophet of our own age, as well as a representative of his own, and we doubt whether the revolutions of the century be not required to interpret the quiet depths of his Saga.

Sure it is that none has yet found his place, as sure that none can claim to be his peer, who has not sometime, aye, and for a long time, been his pupil!

Yet much truth has been spoken of him in detail, some by Menzel, but in so superficial a spirit, and with so narrow a view of its bearings, as to have all the effect of falsehood. Such denials of the crown can only fix it more firmly on the head of the "Old Heathen." To such, the best answer may be given in the words of Bettina Brentano, "The others criticize thy works; — I only know that they lead us on and on (fort und fort) till we live in them." And thus will all criticism end in making more men and women read these works, and on and on, till they forget whether the author be a patriot or a moralist, in the deep humanity of the thought, the breathing nature of the scene. While words they have accepted with immediate approval fade from memory, these oft-denied words of keen, cold truth return with ever new force and significance.

Man should be true, wise, beautiful, pure, and aspiring. This man was true and wise, capable of all things. Because he did not in one short life complete his circle, can we afford to lose him out of sight? Can we, in a world where so few men have in any degree redeemed their inheritance, neglect a nature so rich and so manifestly progressive?

Historically considered, Goethe needs no apology. His so called faults fitted him all the better for the part he had to play. In cool possession of his wide-ranging genius, he taught the imagination of Germany, that the highest flight should be associated with the steady sweep and undazzled eye of the eagle. Was he too much the connoisseur, did he attach too great an importance to the cultivation of taste, where just then German literature so much needed to be refined, polished, and harmonized? Was he too skeptical, too much an experimentalist; how else could he have formed himself to be the keenest, and, at the same time, most nearly universal of observers, teaching theologians, philosophers, and patriots that nature comprehends them all, commands them all, and that no one development of life must exclude the rest. Do you talk, (in the easy cant of the day,) of German obscurity, extravagance, pedantry, and bad taste, — and will you blame this man, whose Greek — English — Italian — German mind steered so clear of these rocks and shoals, clearing, adjusting, and calming on each side, wherever he turned his prow? Was

he not just enough of an idealist, just enough of a realist, for his peculiar task? If you want a moral enthusiast, is not there Schiller? If piety, of purest mystic sweetness, who but Novalis? Exuberant sentiment, that treasures each withered leaf in a tender breast, look to your Richter. Would you have men to find plausible meaning for the deepest enigma, or to hang up each map of literature, well painted and dotted on its proper roller, there are the Schlegels. Men of ideas were numerous as migratory crows in autumn, and Jacobi wrote the heart into philosophy (as well as he could.) Who could fill Goethe's place to Germany, and to the world, of which she is now the teacher? His much-reviled, aristocratic turn was at that time a reconciling element. It is plain why he was what he was, for his country and for his age.

Whoever looks into the history of his youth, will be struck by a peculiar force with which all things worked together to prepare him for his office of artist-critic to the then chaotic world of thought in his country. What an unusually varied scene of childhood and of youth! What endless change and contrast of circumstances and influences! Father and mother, life and literature, world and nature, playing into one another's hands, always by antagonism! Never was a child so carefully guarded by fate against prejudice, against undue bias, against any engrossing sentiment. Nature having given him power of poetical sympathy to know every situation, would not permit him to make himself at home in any. And how early what was most peculiar in his character manifested itself, may be seen in these anecdotes, related by his mother to Bettina.

Of Goethe's childhood. — "He was not willing to play with other little children, unless they were very fair. In a circle he began suddenly to weep, screaming, 'Take away the black, ugly child, I cannot bear to have it here.' He could not be pacified; they were obliged to take him home, and there the mother could hardly console him for the child's ugliness. He was then only three years old."

"His mother was surprised, that when his brother Jacob died, who had been his playmate, he shed no tear, but rather seemed annoyed by the lamentations of those around him. But afterwards, when his mother asked whether he had not loved his brother, he ran into his room and brought

from under his bed a bundle of papers, all written over, and said he had done all this for Jacob."

Even so in later years, had he been asked if he had not loved his country and his fellow men, he would not have answered by tears and vows, but pointed to his works.

In the first anecdote is observable that love of symmetry in external relations which, in manhood, made him give up the woman he loved, because she would not have been in place among the old fashioned furniture of his father's house; and dictated the course which, at the crisis of his life, led him to choose an outward peace rather than an inward joy. In the second, he displays at the earliest age, a sense of his vocation as a recorder, the same which drew him afterwards to write his life into verse, rather than clothe it in action. His indirectness, his aversion to the frankness of heroic meetings, is repulsive and suspicious to generous and flowing natures, yet many of the more delicate products of the mind seem to need these sheaths, lest bird and insect rifle them in the bud. And if this subtlety, isolation, and distance be the dictate of nature, we submit, even as we are not vexed that the wild bee should hide its honey in some old moss-grown tree, rather than in the glass hives of our gardens. We believe it will repay the pains we take in seeking for it, by some peculiar flavor from unknown flowers. Was Goethe the wild bee? We see that even in his boyhood, he showed himself a very Egyptian, in his love for disguises, forever expressing his thought in round-about ways, which seem idle mummery to a mind of Spartan or Roman mould. Had he some simple thing to tell his friend, he read it from the newspaper, or wrote it into a parable. Did he make a visit, he put on the hat or wig of some other man, and made his bow as Schmidt or Schlosser, that they might stare when he spake as Goethe. He gives, as the highest instance of passionate grief, that he gave up one day watching the tedious ceremonies of the imperial coronation. In daily life many of these carefully recorded passages have an air of platitude, at which no wonder the Edinburgh Review laughed. Yet, on examination, they are full of meaning. And when we see the same propensity writing itself into Ganymede, Mahomet's song, the Bayadere, and Faust, telling all Goethe's religion in

he not just enough of an idealist, just enough of a realist, for his peculiar task? If you want a moral enthusiast, is not there Schiller? If piety, of purest mystic sweetness, who but Novalis? Exuberant sentiment, that treasures each withered leaf in a tender breast, look to your Richter. Would you have men to find plausible meaning for the deepest enigma, or to hang up each map of literature, well painted and dotted on its proper roller, there are the Schlegels. Men of ideas were numerous as migratory crows in autumn, and Jacobi wrote the heart into philosophy (as well as he could.) Who could fill Goethe's place to Germany, and to the world, of which she is now the teacher? His much-reviled, aristocratic turn was at that time a reconciling element. It is plain why he was what he was, for his country and for his age.

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from under his bed a bundle of papers, all written over, and said he had done all this for Jacob."

Even so in later years, had he been asked if he had not loved his country and his fellow men, he would not have answered by tears and vows, but pointed to his works.

In the first anecdote is observable that love of symmetry in external relations which, in manhood, made him give up the woman he loved, because she would not have been in place among the old fashioned furniture of his father's house; and dictated the course which, at the crisis of his life, led him to choose an outward peace rather than an inward joy. In the second, he displays at the earliest age, a sense of his vocation as a recorder, the same which drew him afterwards to write his life into verse, rather than clothe it in action. His indirectness, his aversion to the frankness of heroic meetings, is repulsive and suspicious to generous and flowing natures, yet many of the more delicate products of the mind seem to need these sheaths, lest bird and insect rifle them in the bud. And if this subtlety, isolation, and distance be the dictate of nature, we submit, even as we are not vexed that the wild bee should hide its honey in some old moss-grown tree, rather than in the glass hives of our gardens. We believe it will repay the pains we take in seeking for it, by some peculiar flavor from unknown flowers. Was Goethe the wild bee? We see that even in his boyhood, he showed himself a very Egyptian, in his love for disguises, forever expressing his thought in round-about ways, which seem idle mummery to a mind of Spartan or Roman mould. Had he some simple thing to tell his friend, he read it from the newspaper, or wrote it into a parable. Did he make a visit, he put on the hat or wig of some other man, and made his bow as Schmidt or Schlosser, that they might stare when he spake as Goethe. He gives, as the highest instance of passionate grief, that he gave up one day watching the tedious ceremonies of the imperial coronation. In daily life many of these carefully recorded passages have an air of platitude, at which no wonder the Edinburgh Review laughed. Yet, on examination, they are full of meaning. And when we see the same propensity writing itself into Ganymede, Mahomet's song, the Bayadere, and Faust, telling all Goethe's religion in

Mignon and Makaria, all his wisdom in the Western-Eastern Divan, we respect it, accept, all but love it.

This theme is for a volume, and I must quit it now. A brief summary of what Goethe was suffices to vindicate his existence, as an agent in history and a part of nature, but will not meet the objections of those who measure him, as they have a right to do, by the standard of ideal manhood.

Most men, in judging another man, ask, Did he live up to our standard?

But to me, it seems desirable to ask rather, Did he live up to his own?

So possible is it that our consciences may be more enlightened than that of the Gentile under consideration. And if we can find out how much was given him, we are told, in a pure evangelium, to judge thereby how much shall be required.

Now Goethe has given us both his own standard, and the way to apply it. "To appreciate any man, learn first what object he proposed to himself; next, what degree of earnestness he showed with regard to attaining that object."

And this is part of his hymn for man made in the divine image, "The Godlike."

"Hail to the Unknown, the
Higher Being
Felt within us!

"Unfeeling
Is nature
Still shineth the sun
Over good and evil,
And on the sinner,
Smile as on the best
Moon and stars.
Fate too, &c.

"There can none but man
Perform the Impossible.
He understandeth,
Chooseth, and judgeth,
He can impart to the
Moment duration.

"He alone may
The Good reward,
The guilty punish,
Mend and deliver;
All the wayward, anomalous
Bind in the useful.

"And the Immortals,
Them we reverence
As if they were men, and
Did, on a grand scale,
What the best man in little
Does, or fain would do.

"Let noble man
Be helpful and good;
Ever creating
The Right and the Useful;
Type of those loftier
Beings of whom the heart whispers."

This standard is high enough. It is what every man should express in action, the poet in music!

And this office of a judge, who is of purer eyes than to behold iniquity, and of a sacred oracle, to whom other men may go to ask when they should choose a friend, when face a foe, this great genius does not adequately fulfil. Too often has the priest left the shrine, to go and gather simples by the aid of spells whose might no pure power needs. Glimpses are found in his works of the highest spirituality, but it is blue sky seen through chinks, in a roof which should never have been built. He has used life to excess. He is too rich for his nobleness, too judicious for his inspiration, too humanly wise for his divine mission. He might have been a priest; he is only a sage.

An Epicurean sage, says the foregoing article. This seems to me unjust. He is also called a debauchee. There may be reason for such terms, but it is partial, and received, as they will be by the unthinking, they are as false as Menzel's abuse, in the impression they convey. Did Goethe value the present too much? It was not for the Epicurean aim of pleasure, but for use. He, in this, was but an instance of reaction, in an age of painful doubt and restless striving as to the future. Was his private life stained by profligacy? That far largest portion of his life, which is ours, and which is expressed in his works, is an unbroken series of efforts to develop the higher elements of our being. I cannot speak to private gossip on this subject, nor even to well-authenticated versions of his private life. Here are sixty volumes, by himself and others, which contain sufficient evidence of a life of severe labor, steadfast forbearance, and an intellectual growth almost unpar-

alleled. That he has failed of the highest fulfilment of his high vocation is certain, but he was neither epicurean nor sensualist, if we consider his life as a whole.

Yet he had failed to reach his highest development, and how was it that he was so content with this incompleteness, nay, the serenest of men? His serenity alone, in such a time of skepticism and sorrowful seeking, gives him a claim to all our study. See how he rides at anchor, lordly, rich in freight, every white sail ready to be unfurled at a moment's warning. And it must be a very slight survey, which can confound this calm self-trust with selfish indifference of temperament. Indeed, he in various ways, which I shall mention in a future essay, lets us see how little he was helped in this respect by temperament. But we need not his declaration; the case speaks for itself. Of all that perpetual accomplishment, that unwearied constructiveness, the basis must be sunk deeper than in temperament. He never halts, never repines, never is puzzled, like other men; that tranquillity, full of life, that ceaseless but graceful motion, "without haste, without rest," for which we all are striving, he has attained. And is not his lore of the noblest kind, — Reverence the highest, have patience with the lowest. Let this day's performance of the meanest duty be thy religion. Are the stars too distant, pick up that pebble that lies at thy foot, and from it learn the All. Go out, like Saul, the son of Kish, look earnestly after the meanest of thy father's goods, and a kingdom shall be brought thee. The least act of pure self-renunciation hallows, for the moment, all within its sphere. The philosopher may mislead, the devil tempt, yet innocence, though wounded and bleeding as it goes, must reach at last the holy city. The power of sustaining himself, and guiding others, rewards man sufficiently for the longest apprenticeship. Is not this lore the noblest?

Yes, yes, but still I doubt. 'T is true, he says all this in a thousand beautiful forms, but he does not warm, he does not inspire me. In his certainty is no bliss, in his hope no love, in his faith no glow. How is this?

A friend, of a delicate penetration, observed, "His atmosphere was so calm, so full of light, that I hoped he would teach me his secret of cheerfulness. But I found, after long search, that he had no better way, if he wished to

check emotion or clear thought, than to go to work. As his mother tells us, 'My son, if he had a grief, made it into a poem, and so got rid of it.' This mode is founded in truth, but does not involve the whole truth. I want the method which is indicated by the phrase, 'Perseverance of the Saints.'"

This touched the very point. Goethe attained only the perseverance of a man. He was true, for he knew that nothing can be false to him who is true, and that to genius nature had pledged her protection. Had he but seen a little farther, he would have given this covenant a higher expression, and been more deeply true to a diviner nature.

I hope, in the next number of the Dial, to give some account of that period, when a too determined action of the intellect limited and blinded him for the rest of his life. I mean only in comparison with what he should have been. Had it been otherwise, what would he not have attained, who, even thus self-enchained, rose to Ulyssean stature. Connected with this is the fact, of which he spoke with such sarcastic solemnity to Eckermann, "My works will never be popular."

I wish, also, to consider the Faust, Elective Affinities, Apprenticeship and Pilgrimages of Wilhelm Meister, and Iphigenia, as affording indications of the progress of his genius here, of its wants and prospects in future spheres of activity. For the present, I bid him farewell, as his friends always have done, in hope and trust of a better meeting.

F.

SUUM CUIQUE.

The rain has spoiled the farmer's day;
Shall sorrow put my books away?
Thereby are two days lost.
Nature shall mind her own affairs,
I will attend my proper cares,
In rain, or sun, or frost.

THE SPHINX.

THE Sphinx is drowsy,
Her wings are furled,
Her ear is heavy,
She broods on the world.
"Who 'll tell me my secret
The ages have kept?
I awaited the seer
While they slumbered and slept.

"The fate of the manchild, —
The meaning of man, —
Known fruit of the unknown, —
Dædalian plan.
Out of sleeping a waking,
Out of waking a sleep,
Life death overtaking,
Deep underneath deep.

"Erect as a sunbeam
Upspringeth the palm;
The elephant browses
Undaunted and calm;
In beautiful motion
The thrush plies his wings,
Kind leaves of his covert!
Your silence he sings.

"The waves unashamed
In difference sweet,
Play glad with the breezes,
Old playfellows meet.
The journeying atoms,
Primordial wholes,
Firmly draw, firmly drive,
By their animate poles.

"Sea, earth, air, sound, silence,
Plant, quadruped, bird,
By one music enchanted,
One deity stirred,
Each the other adorning,
Accompany still,
Night veileth the morning,
The vapor the hill.

"The babe, by its mother
Lies bathed in joy,
Glide its hours uncounted,
The sun is its toy;

Shines the peace of all being
Without cloud in its eyes,
And the sum of the world
In soft miniature lies.

"But man crouches and blushes,
Absconds and conceals;
He creepeth and peepeth,
He palters and steals;
Infirm, melancholy,
Jealous glancing around,
An oaf, an accomplice,
He poisons the ground.

"Outspoke the great mother
Beholding his fear;—
At the sound of her accents
Cold shuddered the sphere;—
'Who has drugged my boy's cup
Who has mixed my boy's bread?
Who, with sadness and madness,
Has turned the manchild's head?'"

I heard a poet answer
Aloud and cheerfully,
"Say on, sweet Sphinx!—thy dirges
Are pleasant songs to me.
Deep love lieth under
These pictures of time,
They fade in the light of
Their meaning sublime.

"The fiend that man harries
Is love of the Best,
Yawns the Pit of the Dragon
Lit by rays from the Blest;
The Lethe of Nature
Can't trance him again,
Whose soul sees the Perfect
Which his eyes seek in vain.

"Profounder, profounder
Man's spirit must dive:
To his aye-rolling orbit
No goal will arrive.
The heavens that now draw him
With sweetness untold,
Once found,—for new heavens
He spurneth the old.

"Pride ruined the angels,
Their shame them restores:
And the joy that is sweetest
Lurks in stings of remorse.

Have I a lover
Who is noble and free, —
I would he were nobler
Than to love me.

" Eterne alternation
Now follows, now flies,
And under pain, pleasure, —
Under pleasure, pain lies.
Love works at the centre
Heart heaving alway,
Forth speed the strong pulses
To the borders of day.

" Dull Sphinx, Jove keep thy five wits!
Thy sight is growing blear;
Hemlock and vitriol for the Sphinx
Her muddy eyes to clear."
The old Sphinx bit her thick lip, —
Said, " Who taught thee me to name?
Manchild! I am thy spirit;
Of thine eye I am eyebeam.

" Thou art the unanswered question: —
Couldst see thy proper eye,
Alway it asketh, asketh,
And each answer is a lie.
So take thy quest through nature,
It through thousand natures ply,
Ask on, thou clothed eternity,
Time is the false reply."

Uprose the merry Sphinx,
And crouched no more in stone,
She hopped into the baby's eyes,
She hopped into the moon,
She spired into a yellow flame,
She flowered in blossoms red,
She flowed into a foaming wave,
She stood Monadnoc's head.

Thorough a thousand voices
Spoke the universal dame,
" Who telleth one of my meanings
Is master of all I am."

ORPHIC SAYINGS.

By A. BRONSON ALCOTT.

LI. REFORM.

The trump of reform is sounding throughout the world for a revolution of all human affairs. The issue we cannot doubt; yet the crises are not without alarm. Already is the axe laid at the root of that spreading tree, whose trunk is idolatry, whose branches are covetousness, war, and slavery, whose blossom is concupiscence, whose fruit is hate. Planted by Beelzebub, it shall be rooted up. Abaddon is pouring his vial on the earth.

LII. REFORMERS.

Reformers are metallic; they are sharpest steel; they pierce whatsoever of evil or abuse they touch. Their souls are attempered in the fires of heaven; they are mailed in the might of principles, and God backs their purpose. They uproot institutions, erase traditions, revise usages, and renovate all things. They are the noblest of facts. Extant in time, they work for eternity; dwelling with men, they are with God.

LIII. ARMS.

Three qualities are essential to the reformer, — insight, veneration, valor. These are the arms with which he takes the world. He who wields these divinely shall make an encroachment upon his own age, and the centuries shall capitulate to him at last. To all else, are institutions, men, ages, invulnerable.

LIV. HERESY.

The reformer substitutes things for words, laws for usage, ideas for idols. But this is ever a deed, daring and damned, for which the culprit was aforetime cropped, exiled, or slain. In our time, his sentence is commuted to slight and starvation.

LV. SIMPLICITY.

The words of a just man are mirrors in which the felon

beholds his own features, and shrinks from the portrait painted therein by the speaker. Beware of a just man, he is a limner of souls; he draws in the colors of truth. Cunning durst not sit to him.

LVI. PERSON.

Divinely speaking, God is the only person. The personality of man is partial, derivative; not perfect, not original. He becomes more personal as he partakes more largely of divinity. Holiness embosoms him in the Godhead, and makes him one with Deity.

LVII. PORTRAITS.

We are what we seek; desire, appetite, passion, draw our features, and show us whether we are gods or men, devils or beasts. Always is the soul portraying herself; the statue of our character is hewn from her affections and thoughts. — Wisdom is the soul in picture; holiness in sculpture.

LVIII. PERSONALITY.

Truth is most potent when she speaks in general and impersonal terms. Then she rebukes everybody, and all confess before her words. She draws her bow, and lets fly her arrows at broad venture into the ages, to pierce all evils and abuses at heart. She wounds persons through principles, on whose phylactery, "thou art the man," is ever written to the eye of all men.

LIX. POPULARITY.

The saints are alone popular in heaven, not on earth; elect of God, they are spurned by the world. They hate their age, its applause, its awards, their own affections even, save as these unite them with justice, with valor, with God. Whoso loves father or mother, wife or child, houses or lands, pleasures or honors, or life, more than these, is an idolater, and worships idols of sense; his life is death; his love hate; his friends foes; his fame infamy.

LX. FAME.

Enduring fame is ever posthumous. The orbs of virtue and genius seldom culminate during their terrestrial periods.

Slow is the growth of great names, slow the procession of excellence into arts, institutions, life. Ages alone reflect their fulness of lustre. The great not only unseal, but create the organs by which they are to be seen. Neither Socrates nor Jesus is yet visible to the world.

LXI. TEMPTATION.

The man of sublime gifts has his temptation amidst the solitudes to which he is driven by his age as proof of his integrity. Yet nobly he withstands this trial, conquering both Satan and the world by overcoming himself. He bows not down before the idols of time, but is constant to the divine ideal that haunts his heart, — a spirit of serene and perpetual peace.

LXII. LIGHT.

Oblivion of the world is knowledge of heaven, — of sin, holiness, — of time, eternity. The world, sin, time, are interpolations into the authentic scripture of the soul, denoting her lapse from God, innocence, heaven. Of these the child and God are alike ignorant. They have not fallen from their estate of divine intuition, into the dark domain of sense, wherein all is but shadowy reminiscence of substance and light, of innocence and clarity. Their life is above memory and hope, — a life, not of knowledge, but of sight.

LXIII. PROBITY.

The upright man holds fast his integrity amidst all reverses. Exiled by his principles from the world, a solitary amidst his age, he stands aloof from the busy haunts and low toils of his race. Amidst the general sterility he ripens for God. He is above the gauds and baits of sense. His taskmaster is in heaven; his field eternity; his wages peace. Away from him are all golden trophies, fames, honors, soft flatteries, comforts, homes, and couches in time. He lives in the smile of God; nor fears the frowns, nor courts the favor of men. With him the mint of immortal honor is not in the thronged market, but in the courts of the heart, whose awards bear not devices of applauding hosts, but of reviling soldiery, — of stakes and gibbets,

— and are the guerdon not of the trial imposed, but of the valor that overcame it.

LXIV. SOPHISTRY.

Always are the ages infested with dealers in stolen treasures. Church, state, school, traffic largely in such contraband wares, and would send genius and probity, as of old, Socrates and Jesus, into the markets and thoroughfares, to higgle with publicans and sophists for their own properties. But yet the wit and will of these same vagrants is not only coin, but stock in trade for all the business of the world. Mammon counterfeits the scripture of God, and his partners, the church, the state, the school, share the profit of his peculations on mankind.

LXV. BREAD.

Fools and blind! not bread, but the lack of it is God's high argument. Wouldst enter into life? Beg bread then. In the kingdom of God are love and bread consociated, but in the realm of mammon, bread sojourns with lies, and truth is a starvling. Yet praised be God, he has bread in his exile which mammon knows not of.

LXVI. LABOR.

Labor is sweet; nor is that a stern decree that sends man into the fields to earn his bread in the sweat of his face. Labor is primeval; it replaces man in Eden, — the garden planted by God. It exalts and humanizes the soul. Life in all its functions and relations then breathes of groves and fountains, of simplicity and health. Man discourses sublimely with the divinities over the plough, the spade, the sickle, marrying the soul and the soil by the rites of labor. Sloth is the tempter that beguiles him of innocence, and exiles him from Paradise. Let none esteem himself beloved of the divine Husbandman, unless he earn the wages of peace in his vineyard. Yet now the broad world is full of idlers; the fields are barren; the age is hungry; there is no corn. The harvests are of tares and not of wheat. Gaunt is the age; even as the seedsman winnows the chaff from the wheat, shall the winds of reform blow this vanity away.

LXVII. DIABOLUS.

Seek God in the seclusion of your own soul; the prince of devils in the midst of multitudes. Beelzebub rules masses, God individuals. *Vox populi vox dei*, — never, (save where passion and interest are silent,) but *vox populi vox diaboli.*

LXVIII. DOGMATISM.

The ages dogmatize, and would stifle the freest and boldest thought. Their language is, — our possessions skirt space, and we veto all possible discoveries of time. We are heirs of all wisdom, all excellence; none shall pass our confines; vain is the dream of a wilderness of thought to be vanquished by rebellion against us; we inherit the patrimony of God, — all goods in the gift of omnipotence.

LXIX. GENIUS AND SANCTITY.

A man's period is according to the directness and intensity of his light. Not erudition, not taste, not intellect, but character, describes his orbit and determines the worlds he shall enlighten. Genius and sanctity cast no shadow; like the sun at broad noon, the ray of these orbs pours direct intense on the world, and they are seen in their own light.

LXX. CHARACTER.

Character is the genius of conscience, as wit is of intellect. The prophet and bard are original men, and their lives and works being creations of divine art, are inimitable. Imitation and example are sepulchres in which the ages entomb their disciples. The followers of God are alone immortal.

LXXI. LIFE.

It is life, not scripture; character, not biography, that renovates mankind. The letter of life vitiates its spirit. Virtue and genius refuse to be written. The scribe weaves his own mythus of superstition always into his scripture.

LXXII. BARRENNESS.

Opinions are life in foliage; deeds, in fruitage. Always is the fruitless tree accursed.

LXXIII. SCRIPTURE.

All scripture is the record of life, and is sacred or profane, as the life it records is holy or vile. Every noble life is a revelation from heaven, which the joy and hope of mankind preserve to the world. Nor while the soul endures, shall the book of revelation be sealed. Her scriptures, like herself, are inexhaustible, without beginning or end.

LXXIV. SACRED BOOKS.

The current version of all sacred books is profane. The ignorance and passions of men interpolate themselves into the text, and vitiate both its doctrine and ethics. But this is revised, at successive eras, by prophets, who, holding direct communication with the source of life and truth, translate their eternal propositions from the sacred into the common speech of man, and thus give the word anew to the world.

LXXV. RESURRECTION.

A man must live his life to apprehend it. There have been few living men and hence few lives; most have lived their death. Men have no faith in life. There goes indeed a rumor through the ages concerning it, but the few, who affirm knowledge of the fact, are slain always to verify the popular doubt. Men assert, not the resurrection of the soul from the body, but of the body from the grave, as a revelation of life. Faithless and blind! the body is the grave; let the dead arise from these sepulchres of concupiscence, and know by experience that life is immortal. Only the living know that they live; the dead know only of death.

LXXVI. MIRACLES.

To apprehend a miracle, a man must first have wrought it. He knows only what he has lived, and interprets all facts in the light of his experience. Miracles are spiritual experiences, not feats of legerdemain, not freaks of nature. It is the spiritual sight that discerns whatsoever is painted to sense. Flesh is faithless and blind.

LXXVII. FACT AND FABLE.

Facts, reported, are always false. Only sanctity and genius are eyewitnesses of the same; and their intuition, yet not their scriptures, are alone authentic. Not only all scripture, but all thought is fabulous. Life is the only pure fact, and this cannot be written to sense; it must be lived, and thus expurgate all scriptures.

LXXVIII. REVELATION.

Revelation is mediate or immediate; speculative or intuitive. It is addressed to conscience or reason,—to sight or sense. Reason receives the light through mediums and mediators; conscience direct from its source. The light of one is opake; of the other, clear. The prophet, whose eye is coincident with the celestial ray, receives this into his breast, and intensifying there, it kindles on his brow a serene and perpetual day. But the worldling, with face averted from God, reflects divinity through the obscure twilight of his own brain, and remains in the blindness of his own darkness, a deceptive meteor of the night.

LXXIX. PROPHET.

The prophet appeals direct to the heart. He addresses the divine in the breast. His influence is subtle; the reverence he inspires occult. His words are winged with marvels; his deeds mysteries; his life a miracle. Piety kneels at the shrine of his genius, and reads his mystic scriptures, as oracles of the divinity in the breasts of all men.

LXXX. TEACHER.

The true teacher defends his pupils against his own personal influence. He inspires self-trust. He guides their eyes from himself to the spirit that quickens him. He will have no disciples. A noble artist, he has visions of excellence and revelations of beauty, which he has neither impersonated in character, nor embodied in words. His life and teachings are but studies for yet nobler ideals.

LXXXI. EXPERIENCE.

A man's idea of God corresponds to his ideal of himself. The nobler he is, the more exalted his God. His own

culture and discipline are a revelation of divinity. He apprehends the divine character as he comprehends his own. Humanity is the glass of divinity; experience of the soul is a revelation of God.

LXXXII. OBEDIENCE.

Obedience is the mediator of the soul. It is the organ of immediate inspiration; the hierophant of the Godhead. It is the method of revelation; the law of all culture.

LXXXIII. RETRIBUTION.

The laws of the soul and of nature are forecast and preordained in the spirit of God, and are ever executing themselves through conscience in man, and gravity in things. Man's body and the world are organs, through which the retributions of the spiritual universe are justified to reason and sense. Disease and misfortune are memoranda of violations of the divine law, written in the letter of pain and evil.

LXXXIV. WORSHIP.

The ritual of the soul is preordained in her relations to God, man, nature, herself. Life, with its varied duties, is her ordained worship; labor and meditation her sacraments. Whatsoever violates this order is idolatry and sacrilege. A holy spirit, she hallows all times, places, services; and perpetually she consecrates her temples, and ministers at the altars of her divinity. Her censer flames always toward heaven, and the spirit of God descends to kindle her devotions.

LXXXV. BAPTISM.

Except a man be born of water and of spirit, he cannot apprehend eternal life. Sobriety is clarity; sanctity is sight. John baptizes Jesus. Repent, abstain, resolve; — thus purify yourself in this laver of regeneration, and become a denizen of the kingdom of God.

LXXXVI. CARNAGE.

Conceive of slaughter and flesh-eating in Eden.

LXXXVII. TRADITION.

Tradition suckles the young ages, who imbibe health or disease, insight or ignorance, valor or pusillanimity, as the

stream of life flows down from urns of sobriety or luxury, from times of wisdom or folly, honor or shame.

LXXXVIII. RENUNCIATION.

Renounce the world, yourself; and you shall possess the world, yourself, and God.

LXXXIX. VALOR.

Man's impotence is his pusillanimity. Duty alone is necessity; valor, might. This bridles the actual, yokes circumstance to do its bidding, and wields the arms of omnipotence. Fidelity, magnanimity, win the crown of heaven, and invest the soul with the attributes of God.

XC. MEEKNESS.

All men honor meekness; and make her their confessor. She wins all hearts; all vulgar natures do her homage. The demons flee, and the unclean Calabans and Satyrs become menials in her imperial presence. She is the potentate of the world.

XCI. GENTLENESS.

I love to regard all souls as babes, yet in their prime and innocency of being, nor would I upbraid rudely a fellow creature, but treat him as tenderly as an infant. I would be gentle alway. Gentleness is the divinest of graces, and all men joy in it. Yet seldom does it appear on earth. Not in the face of man, nor yet often in that of woman (O apostacy,) but in the countenance of childhood it sometimes lingers, even amidst the violence, the dispathy that beset it; there, for a little while, fed by divine fires, the serene flame glows, but soon flickers and dies away, choked by the passions and lusts of sense — its embers smouldering alone in the bosoms of men.

XCII. INDIVIDUALS.

Individuals are sacred: creeds, usages, institutions, as they cherish and reverence the individual. The world, the state, the church, the school, all are felons whensoever they violate the sanctity of the private heart. God, with his saints and martyrs, holds thrones, polities, hierarchies, amenable to the same, and time pours her vial of just retri-

bution on their heads. A man is divine; mightier, holier, than rulers or powers ordained of time.

XCIII. MESSIAS.

The people look always for a political, not spiritual Messias. They desire a ruler from the world, not from heaven — a monarch who shall conform both church and state to their maxims and usages. So church and state become functions of the world, and mammon, with his court of priests and legislators, usurps the throne of conscience in the soul, to rule saints and prophets for a time.

XCIV. CHRISTENDOM.

Christendom is infidel. It violates the sanctity of man's conscience. It speaks not from the lively oracles of the soul, but reads instead from the traditions of men. It quotes history, not life. It denounces as heresy and impiety the intuitions of the individual, denies the inspiration of souls, and intrudes human dogmas and usages between conscience and God. It excludes the saints from its bosom, and with these, excommunicates, as the archheretic, Jesus of Nazareth also.

XCV. CHRISTIANS.

Christians lean on Jesus, not on the soul. Such was not the doctrine of this noble reformer. He taught man's independence of all men, and a faith and trust in the soul herself. Christianity is the doctrine of self-support. It teaches man to be upright, not supine. Jesus gives his arm to none save those who stand erect, independent of church, state, or the world, in the integrity of self-insight and valor. Cast aside thy crutch, O Christendom, and by faith in the soul, arise and walk. Thy faith alone shall make thee whole.

XCVI. PENTECOST.

The pentecost of the soul draws near. Inspiration, silent long, is unsealing the lips of prophets and bards, and soon shall the vain babblings of men die away, and their ears be given to the words of the Holy Ghost; their tongues cloven with celestial eloquence.

XCVII. IMMORTALITY.

It is because the soul is immortal that all her organs decease, and are again renewed. Growth and decay, sepulture and resurrection, tread fast on the heel of the other. Birth entombs death; death encradles birth. The incorruptible is ever putting off corruption; the immortal mortality. Nature, indeed, is but the ashes of the departed soul, and the body her urn.

XCVIII. OBITUARY.

Things are memoirs of ideas; ideas the body of laws; laws the breath of God. All nature is the sepulchre of the risen soul, life her epitaph, and scripture her obituary.

XCIX. ETERNITY.

The soul doth not chronicle her age. Her consciousness opens in the dimness of tradition; she is cradled in mystery, and her infancy invested in fable. Yet a celestial light irradiates this obscurity of birth, and reveals her spiritual lineage. Ancestor of the world, prior to time, elder than her incarnation, neither spaces, times, genealogies, publish her date. Memory is the history, Hope the prophecy of her inborn eternity. Dateless, timeless, she is coeval with God.

C. SILENCE.

Silence is the initiative to wisdom. Wit is silent, and justifies her children by their reverence of the voiceless oracles of the breast. Inspiration is dumb, a listener to the oracles during her nonage; suddenly she speaks, to mock the emptiness of all speech. Silence is the dialect of heaven; the utterance of Gods.

WOMAN.

THERE have been no topics, for the two last years, more generally talked of than woman, and "the sphere of woman." In society, everywhere, we hear the same oft-repeated things said upon them by those who have little perception of the difficulties of the subject; and even the clergy have frequently flattered "the feebler sex," by proclaiming to them from the pulpit what lovely beings they may become, if they will only be good, quiet, and gentle, attend exclusively to their domestic duties, and the cultivation of religious feelings, which the other sex very kindly relinquish to them as their inheritance. Such preaching is very popular!

Blessed indeed would that man be, who could penetrate the difficulties of this subject, and tell the world faithfully and beautifully what new thing he has discovered about it, or what old truth he has brought to light. The poet's lovely vision of an etherial being, hovering half seen above him, in his hour of occupation, and gliding gently into his retirement, sometimes a guardian angel, sometimes an unobtrusive companion, wrapt in a silvery veil of mildest radiance, his idealized Eve or Ophelia, is an exquisite picture for the eye; the sweet verse in which he tells us of her, most witching music to the ear; but she is not woman, she is only the spiritualized image of that tender class of women he loves the best, — one whom no true woman could or would become; and if the poet could ever be unkind, we should deem him most so when he reproves the sex, planted as it is, in the midst of wearing cares and perplexities, for its departure from this high, beatified ideal of his, to which he loves to give the name of woman. Woman may be soothed by his sweet numbers, but she cannot be helped by his counsels, for he knows her not as she is and must be. All adjusting of the whole sex to a sphere is vain, for no two persons naturally have the same. Character, intellect creates the sphere of each. What is individual and peculiar to each determines it. We hear a great deal everywhere of the religious duties of women. That heaven has placed man and woman in different positions, given them different starting points, (for what is the whole of life, with its varied temporal relations, but a starting

point,) there can be no doubt; but religion belongs to them as beings, not as male and female. The true teacher addresses the same language to both. Christ did so, and this separation is ruinous to the highest improvement of both. Difference of position surely does not imply different qualities of head and heart, for the same qualities, as we see every day, are demanded in a variety of positions, the variety merely giving them a different direction.

As we hear a great deal in society, and from the pulpit, of the religious duties of women, so do we hear a great deal of the contemplative life they lead, or ought to lead. It seems an unknown, or at least an unacknowledged fact, that in the spot where man throws aside his heavy responsibilities, his couch of rest is often prepared by his faithful wife, at the sacrifice of all her quiet contemplation and leisure. She is pursued into her most retired sanctuaries by petty anxieties, haunting her loneliest hours, by temptations taking her by surprise, by cares so harassing, that the most powerful talents and the most abundant intellectual and moral resources are scarce sufficient to give her strength to ward them off. If there is a being exposed to turmoil and indurating care, it is woman, in the retirement of her own home; and if she makes peace and warmth there, it is not by her sweet religious sensibility, her gentle benevolence, her balmy tenderness, but by a strength and energy as great and untiring as leads man to battle, or supports him in the strife of the political arena, though these sturdier qualities unfold often, both in man and woman, in an atmosphere of exquisite refinement and sensibility. The gentle breeze of summer pauses to rest its wing upon the broad oak-leaf, as upon the violet's drooping flower. If woman's position did not bring out all the faculties of the soul, we might demand a higher for her; but she does not need one higher or wider than nature has given her. Very few of her sex suspect even how noble and beautiful is that which they legitimately occupy, for they are early deprived of the privilege of seeing things as they are.

In our present state of society woman possesses not; she is under possession. A dependant, except in extreme hours of peril or moral conflict, when each is left to the mercy of the unfriendly elements alone, for in every mental or physical crisis of life the Infinite has willed each soul to be alone,

nothing interposing between it and himself. At times, when most a being needs protection, none but the hightest can protect. Man may soothe, but he cannot shelter from, or avert the storm, however solemnly he may promise it to himself or others in the bright hours. When most needed he is most impotent.

Woman is educated with the tacit understanding, that she is only half a being, and an appendage. First, she is so to her parents, whose opinions, perhaps prejudices, are engrafted into her before she knows what an opinion is. Thus provided she enters life, and society seizes her; her faculties of observation are sharpened, often become fearfully acute, though in some sort discriminating, and are ever after so occupied with observing that she never penetrates. In the common course of events she is selected as the life-companion of some one of the other sex; because selected, she fixes her affections upon him, and hardly ventures to exercise upon him even her powers of observation. Then he creates for her a home, which should be constructed by their mutual taste and efforts. She finds him not what she expected; she is disappointed and becomes captious, complaining of woman's lot, or discouraged and crushed by it. She thinks him perfect, adopts his prejudices, adds them to her early stock, and ever defends them with his arguments; where she differs from him in taste and habits, she believes herself in the wrong and him in the right, and spends life in conforming to him, instead of moulding herself to her own ideal. Thus she loses her individuality, and never gains his respect. Her life is usually bustle and hurry, or barren order, dreary decorum and method, without vitality. Her children perhaps love her, but she is only the upper nurse; the father, the oracle. His wish is law, hers only the unavailing sigh uttered in secret. She looks out into life, finds nothing there but confusion, and congratulates herself that it is man's business, not hers, to look through it all, and find stern principle seated tranquilly at the centre of things. Is this woman's destiny? Is she to be the only adventurer, who pursues her course through life aimless, tossed upon the waves of circumstance, intoxicated by joy, panic-struck by misfortune, or stupidly receptive of it? Is she neither to soar to heaven like the lark, nor bend her way, led by an unerring guide, to climes

congenial to her nature? Is she always to flutter and flutter, and at last drop into the wave? Man would not have it so, for he reveres the gently firm. Man does not ridicule nor expose to suffering the woman who aspires, he wishes not for blind reverence, but intelligent affection; not for supremacy, but to be understood; not for obedience, but companionship; it is the weak and ignorant of her own sex who brand her, but the enigma still remains unsolved, why are so many of the sex allowed to remain weak and frivolous?

The minor cares of life thronging the path of woman, demand as much reflection and clear-sightedness, and involve as much responsibility, as those of man. Why is she not encouraged to think and penetrate through externals to principles? She should be seen, after the first dreamlike years of unconscious childhood are passed, meekly and reverently questioning and encouraged to question the opinions of others, calmly contemplating beauty in all its forms, studying the harmony of life, as well as of outward nature, deciding nothing, learning all things, gradually forming her own ideal, which, like that represented in the sculptured figures of the old Persian sovereigns, should cheeringly and protectingly hover over her. Society would attract her, and then gracefully mingling in it, she should still be herself, and there find her relaxation, not her home. She should feel that our highest hours are always our lonely ones, and that nothing is good that does not prepare us for these. Beautiful and graceful forms should come before her as revelations of divine beauty, but no charm of outward grace should tempt her to recede one hair's breadth from her uncompromising demand for the noblest nature in her chosen companion, guided in her demands by what she finds within herself, seeking an answering note to her own inner melody, but not sweetly lulling herself into the belief that she has found in him the full-toned harmony of the celestial choirs. If her demand is satisfied, let her not lean, but attend on him as a watchful friend. Her own individuality should be as precious to her as his love. Let her see that the best our most sympathising friend can do for us is, to throw a genial atmosphere around us, and strew our path with golden opportunities; but our path can never be another's, and we must always walk alone. Let no drudgery degrade

her high vocation of creator of a happy home. Household order must prevail, but let her ennoble it by detecting its relation to that law which keeps the planets in their course. Every new relation and every new scene should be a new page in the book of the mysteries of life, reverently and lovingly perused, but if folded down, never to be read again, it must be regarded as only the introduction to a brighter one. The faults of those she loves should never be veiled by her affection, but placed in their true relation to character, by the deep insight with which she penetrates beneath them. With high heroic courage, she should measure the strength of suffering before it comes, that she may not meet it unprepared. Her life-plan should be stern, but not unyielding. Her hours, precious treasures lent to her, carefully to be protected from vulgar intrusion, but which women are constantly scattering around them, like small coin, to be picked up by every needy wayfarer. Thought should be her atmosphere; books her food; friends her occasional solace. Prosperity will not dazzle her, for her own spirit is always brighter than its sunshine, and if the deepest sorrow visits her, it will only come to lift her to a higher region, where, with all of life far beneath her, she may sit regally apart till the end.

Is this the ideal of a perfect woman, and if so, how does it differ from a perfect man?

W. N.

SONNET.

TO A VOICE HEARD IN MOUNT AUBURN, JULY, 1839.

LIKE the low warblings of a leaf-hid bird,
Thy voice came to me through the screening trees,
Singing the simplest, long-known melodies;
I had no glimpse of thee, and yet I heard
And blessed thee for each clearly-carolled word;
I longed to thank thee, and my heart would frame
Mary or Ruth, some sisterly sweet name
For thee, yet could I not my lips have stirred;
I *knew* that thou wert lovely, that thine eyes
Were blue and downcast, and methought large tears,
Unknown to thee, up to their lids must rise,
With half-sad memories of other years,
As to thyself alone thou sangest o'er
Words that to childhood seemed to say, "No more!"

M. L. O.

THOUGHTS ON ART.

Every department of life at the present day, — Trade, Politics, Letters, Science, Religion, — seem to feel, and to labor to express the identity of their law. They are rays of one sun; they translate each into a new language the sense of the other. They are sublime when seen as emanations of a Necessity contradistinguished from the vulgar Fate, by being instant and alive, and dissolving man as well as his works, in its flowing beneficence. This influence is conspicuously visible in the principles and history of Art.

On one side, in primary communication with absolute truth, through thought and instinct, the human mind tends by an equal necessity, on the other side, to the publication and embodiment of its thought, — modified and dwarfed by the impurity and untruth which, in all our experience, injures the wonderful medium through which it passes. The child not only suffers, but cries; not only hungers, but eats. The man not only thinks, but speaks and acts. Every thought that arises in the mind, in its rising, aims to pass out of the mind into act; just as every plant, in the moment of germination, struggles up to light. Thought is the seed of action; but action is as much its second form as thought is its first. It rises in thought to the end, that it may be uttered and acted. The more profound the thought, the more burdensome. Always in proportion to the depth of its sense does it knock importunately at the gates of the soul, to be spoken, to be done. What is in, will out. It struggles to the birth. Speech is a great pleasure, and action a great pleasure; they cannot be forborne.

The utterance of thought and emotion in speech and action may be conscious or unconscious. The sucking child is an unconscious actor. A man in an extasy of fear or anger is an unconscious actor. A large part of our habitual actions are unconsciously done, and most of our necessary words are unconsciously said.

The conscious utterance of thought, by speech or action, to any end, is Art. From the first imitative babble of a child to the despotism of eloquence; from his first pile of toys or chip bridge, to the masonry of Eddystone light-house or the Erie canal; from the tattooing of the Owhy-

hees to the Vatican Gallery; from the simplest expedient of private prudence to the American Constitution; from its first to its last works, Art is the spirit's voluntary use and combination of things to serve its end. The Will distinguishes it as spiritual action. Relatively to themselves, the bee, the bird, the beaver, have no art, for what they do, they do instinctively; but relatively to the Supreme Being, they have. And the same is true of all unconscious action; relatively to the doer, it is instinct; relatively to the First Cause, it is Art. In this sense, recognising the Spirit which informs Nature, Plato rightly said, "Those things which are said to be done by Nature, are indeed done by Divine Art." Art, universally, is the spirit creative. It was defined by Aristotle, "The reason of the thing, without the matter," as he defined the art of ship-building to be, "All of the ship but the wood."

If we follow the popular distinction of works according to their aim, we should say, the Spirit, in its creation, aims at use or at beauty, and hence Art divides itself into the Useful and the Fine Arts.

The useful arts comprehend not only those that lie next to instinct, as agriculture, building, weaving, &c., but also navigation, practical chemistry, and the construction of all the grand and delicate tools and instruments by which man serves himself; as language; the watch; the ship; the decimal cipher; and also the sciences, so far as they are made serviceable to political economy.

The moment we begin to reflect on the pleasure we receive from a ship, a railroad, a dry dock; or from a picture, a dramatic representation, a statue, a poem, we find that they have not a quite simple, but a blended origin. We find that the question, — What is Art? leads us directly to another, — Who is the artist? and the solution of this is the key to the history of Art.

I hasten to state the principle which prescribes, through different means, its firm law to the useful and the beautiful arts. The law is this. The universal soul is the alone creator of the useful and the beautiful; therefore to make anything useful or beautiful, the individual must be submitted to the universal mind.

In the first place, let us consider this in reference to the useful arts. Here the omnipotent agent is Nature; all

human acts are satellites to her orb. Nature is the representative of the universal mind, and the law becomes this, — that Art must be a complement to nature, strictly subsidiary. It was said, in allusion to the great structures of the ancient Romans, the aqueducts and bridges, — that their "Art was a Nature working to municipal ends." That is a true account of all just works of useful art. Smeaton built Eddystone lighthouse on the model of an oak tree, as being the form in nature best designed to resist a constant assailing force. Dollond formed his achromatic telescope on the model of the human eye. Duhamel built a bridge, by letting in a piece of stronger timber for the middle of the under surface, getting his hint from the structure of the shin-bone.

The first and last lesson of the useful arts is, that nature tyrannizes over our works. They must be conformed to her law, or they will be ground to powder by her omnipresent activity. Nothing droll, nothing whimsical will endure. Nature is ever interfering with Art. You cannot build your house or pagoda as you will, but as you must. There is a quick bound set to our caprice. The leaning tower can only lean so far. The verandah or pagoda roof can curve upward only to a certain point. The slope of your roof is determined by the weight of snow. It is only within narrow limits that the discretion of the architect may range. Gravity, wind, sun, rain, the size of men and animals, and such like, have more to say than he. It is the law of fluids that prescribes the shape of the boat, — keel, rudder, and bows, — and, in the finer fluid above, the form and tackle of the sails. Man seems to have no option about his tools, but merely the necessity to learn from Nature what will fit best, as if he were fitting a screw or a door. Beneath a necessity thus almighty, what is artificial in man's life seems insignificant. He seems to take his task so minutely from intimations of Nature, that his works become as it were hers, and he is no longer free.

But if we work within this limit, she yields us all her strength. All powerful action is performed, by bringing the forces of nature to bear upon our objects. We do not grind corn or lift the loom by our own strength, but we build a mill in such a position as to set the north wind to play upon our instrument, or the elastic force of steam, or

the ebb and flow of the sea. So in our handiwork, we do few things by muscular force, but we place ourselves in such attitudes as to bring the force of gravity, that is, the weight of the planet, to bear upon the spade or the axe we wield. What is it that gives force to the blow of the axe or crowbar? Is it the muscles of the laborer's arm, or is it the attraction of the whole globe below it, on the axe or bar? In short, in all our operations we seek not to use our own, but to bring a quite infinite force to bear.

Let us now consider this law as it affects the works that have beauty for their end, that is, the productions of the Fine Arts.

Here again the prominent fact is subordination of man. His art is the least part of his work of art. A great deduction is to be made before we can know his proper contribution to it.

Music, eloquence, poetry, painting, sculpture, architecture. This is a rough enumeration of the Fine Arts. I omit rhetoric, which only respects the form of eloquence and poetry. Architecture and eloquence are mixed arts, whose end is sometimes beauty and sometimes use.

It will be seen that in each of these arts there is much which is not spiritual. Each has a material basis, and in each the creating intellect is crippled in some degree by the stuff on which it works. The basis of poetry is language, which is material only on one side. It is a demi-god. But being applied primarily to the common necessities of man, it is not new created by the poet for his own ends.

The basis of music is the qualities of the air and the vibrations of sonorous bodies. The pulsation of a stretched string or wire, gives the ear the pleasure of sweet sound, before yet the musician has enhanced this pleasure by concords and combinations.

Eloquence, as far as it is a fine art, is modified how much by the material organization of the orator, the tone of the voice, the physical strength, the play of the eye and countenance! All this is so much deduction from the purely spiritual pleasure. All this is so much deduction from the merit of Art, and is the attribute of Nature.

In painting, bright colors stimulate the eye, before yet they are harmonized into a landscape. In sculpture and in architecture, the material, as marble or granite; and in

architecture, the mass, — are sources of great pleasure, quite independent of the artificial arrangement. The art resides in the model, in the plan, for it is on that the genius of the artist is expended, not on the statue, or the temple. Just as much better as is the polished statue of dazzling marble than the clay model ; or as much more impressive as is the granite cathedral or pyramid than the ground-plan or profile of them on paper, so much more beauty owe they to Nature than to Art.

There is a still larger deduction to be made from the genius of the artist in favor of Nature than I have yet specified.

A jumble of musical sounds on a viol or a flute, in which the rhythm of the tune is played without one of the notes being right, gives pleasure to the unskilful ear. A very coarse imitation of the human form on canvass, or in wax-work, — a very coarse sketch in colors of a landscape, in which imitation is all that is attempted, — these things give to unpractised eyes, to the uncultured, who do not ask a fine spiritual delight, almost as much pleasure as a statue of Canova or a picture of Titian.

And in the statue of Canova, or the picture of Titian, these give the great part of the pleasure ; they are the basis on which the fine spirit rears a higher delight, but to which these are indispensable.

Another deduction from the genius of the artist is what is conventional in his art, of which there is much in every work of art. Thus how much is there that is not original in every particular building, in every statue, in every tune, in every painting, in every poem, in every harangue. Whatever is national or usual ; as the usage of building all Roman churches in the form of a cross, the prescribed distribution of parts of a theatre, the custom of draping a statue in classical costume. Yet who will deny that the merely conventional part of the performance contributes much to its effect ?

One consideration more exhausts, I believe, all the deductions from the genius of the artist in any given work.

This is the adventitious. Thus the pleasure that a noble temple gives us, is only in part owing to the temple. It is exalted by the beauty of sunlight, by the play of the clouds, by the landscape around it, by its grouping with the houses, and trees, and towers, in its vicinity. The pleasure of

eloquence is in greatest part owing often to the stimulus of the occasion which produces it; to the magic of sympathy, which exalts the feeling of each, by radiating on him the feeling of all.

The effect of music belongs how much to the place, as the church, or the moonlight walk, or to the company, or, if on the stage, to what went before in the play, or to the expectation of what shall come after.

In poetry, "It is tradition more than invention helps the poet to a good fable." The adventitious beauty of poetry may be felt in the greater delight which a verse gives in happy quotation than in the poem.

It is a curious proof of our conviction that the artist does not feel himself to be the parent of his work and is as much surprised at the effect as we, that we are so unwilling to impute our best sense of any work of art to the author. The very highest praise we can attribute to any writer, painter, sculptor, builder, is, that he actually possessed the thought or feeling with which he has inspired us. We hesitate at doing Spenser so great an honor as to think that he intended by his allegory the sense we affix to it. We grudge to Homer the wise human circumspection his commentators ascribe to him. Even Shakspeare, of whom we can believe everything, we think indebted to Goethe and to Coleridge for the wisdom they detect in his Hamlet and Anthony. Especially have we this infirmity of faith in contemporary genius. We fear that Allston and Greenough did not foresee and design all the effect they produce on us.

Our arts are happy hits. We are like the musician on the lake, whose melody is sweeter than he knows, or like a traveller, surprised by a mountain echo, whose trivial word returns to him in romantic thunders.

In view of these facts, I say that the power of Nature predominates over the human will in all works of even the fine arts, in all that respects their material and external circumstances. Nature paints the best part of the picture; carves the best part of the statue; builds the best part of the house; and speaks the best part of the oration. For all the advantages to which I have adverted are such as the artist did not consciously produce. He relied on their aid, he put himself in the way to receive aid from some of them, but he saw that his planting and his watering waited for the sunlight of Nature, or was vain.

Let us proceed to the consideration of the great law stated in the beginning of this essay, as it affects the purely spiritual part of a work of art.

As in useful art, so far as it is useful, the work must be strictly subordinated to the laws of Nature, so as to become a sort of continuation, and in no wise a contradiction of Nature; so in art that aims at beauty as an end, must the parts be subordinated to Ideal Nature, and everything individual abstracted, so that it shall be the production of the universal soul.

The artist, who is to produce a work which is to be admired not by his friends or his townspeople, or his contemporaries, but by all men; and which is to be more beautiful to the eye in proportion to its culture, must disindividualize himself, and be a man of no party, and no manner, and no age, but one through whom the soul of all men circulates, as the common air through his lungs. He must work in the spirit in which we conceive a prophet to speak, or an angel of the Lord to act, that is, he is not to speak his own words, or do his own works, or think his own thoughts, but he is to be an organ through which the universal mind acts.

In speaking of the useful arts, I pointed to the fact, that we do not dig, or grind, or hew, by our muscular strength, but by bringing the weight of the planet to bear on the spade, axe, or bar. Precisely analogous to this, in the fine arts, is the manner of our intellectual work. We aim to hinder our individuality from acting. So much as we can shove aside our egotism, our prejudice, and will, and bring the omniscience of reason upon the subject before us, so perfect is the work. The wonders of Shakspeare are things which he saw whilst he stood aside, and then returned to record them. The poet aims at getting observations without aim; to subject to thought things seen without (voluntary) thought.

In eloquence, the great triumphs of the art are, when the orator is lifted above himself; when consciously he makes himself the mere tongue of the occasion and the hour, and says what cannot but be said. Hence the French phrase *l'abandon*, to describe the self-surrender of the orator. Not his will, but the principle on which he is horsed, the great connexion and crisis of events thunder in the ear of the crowd.

In poetry, where every word is free, every word is necessary. Good poetry could not have been otherwise written than it is. The first time you hear it, it sounds rather as if copied out of some invisible tablet in the Eternal mind, than as if arbitrarily composed by the poet. The feeling of all great poets has accorded with this. They found the verse, not made it. The muse brought it to them.

In sculpture, did ever any body call the Apollo a fancy piece? Or say of the Laocoön how it might be made different? A masterpiece of art has in the mind a fixed place in the chain of being, as much as a plant or a crystal.

The whole language of men, especially of artists, in reference to this subject, points at the belief, that every work of art, in proportion to its excellence, partakes of the precision of fate; no room was there for choice; no play for fancy; for the moment, or in the successive moments, when that form was seen, the iron lids of Reason were unclosed, which ordinarily are heavy with slumber: that the individual mind became for the moment the vent of the mind of humanity.

There is but one Reason. The mind that made the world is not one mind, but *the* mind. Every man is an inlet to the same, and to all of the same. And every work of art is a more or less pure manifestation of the same. Therefore we arrive at this conclusion, which I offer as a confirmation of the whole view: That the delight, which a work of art affords, seems to arise from our recognising in it the mind that formed Nature again in active operation.

It differs from the works of Nature in this, that they are organically reproductive. This is not: but spiritually it is prolific by its powerful action on the intellects of men.

In confirmation of this view, let me refer to the fact, that a study of admirable works of art always sharpens the perceptions of the beauty of Nature; that a certain analogy reigns throughout the wonders of both; that the contemplation of a work of great art draws us into a state of mind which may be called religious. It conspires with all exalted sentiments.

Proceeding from absolute mind, whose nature is goodness as much as truth, they are always attuned to moral nature. If the earth and sea conspire with virtue more than vice, — so do the masterpieces of art. The galleries

of ancient sculpture in Naples and Rome strike no deeper conviction into the mind than the contrast of the purity, the severity, expressed in these fine old heads, with the frivolity and grossness of the mob that exhibits, and the mob that gazes at them. These are the countenances of the first-born, the face of man in the morning of the world. No mark is on these lofty features of sloth, or luxury, or meanness, and they surprise you with a moral admonition, as they speak of nothing around you, but remind you of the fragrant thoughts and the purest resolutions of your youth.

Herein is the explanation of the analogies which exist in all the arts. They are the reappearance of one mind, working in many materials to many temporary ends. Raphael paints wisdom; Handel sings it, Phidias carves it, Shakspeare writes it, Wren builds it, Columbus sails it, Luther preaches it, Washington arms it, Watt mechanizes it. Painting was called "silent poetry;" and poetry "speaking painting." The laws of each art are convertible into the laws of every other.

Herein we have an explanation of the necessity that reigns in all the kingdom of art.

Arising out of eternal reason, one and perfect, whatever is beautiful rests on the foundation of the necessary. Nothing is arbitrary, nothing is insulated in beauty. It depends forever on the necessary and the useful. The plumage of the bird, the mimic plumage of the insect, has a reason for its rich colors in the constitution of the animal. Fitness is so inseparable an accompaniment of beauty, that it has been taken for it. The most perfect form to answer an end, is so far beautiful. In the mind of the artist, could we enter there, we should see the sufficient reason for the last flourish and tendril of his work, just as every tint and spine in the sea-shell preëxists in the secreting organs of the fish. We feel, in seeing a noble building, which rhymes well, as we do in hearing a perfect song, that it is spiritually organic, that is, had a necessity in nature, for being, was one of the possible forms in the Divine mind, and is now only discovered and executed by the artist, not arbitrarily composed by him.

And so every genuine work of art has as much reason for being as the earth and the sun. The gayest charm of

beauty has a root in the constitution of things. The Iliad of Homer, the songs of David, the odes of Pindar, the tragedies of Æschylus, the Doric temples, the Gothic cathedrals, the plays of Shakspeare, were all made not for sport, but in grave earnest, in tears, and smiles of suffering and loving men.

Viewed from this point, the history of Art becomes intelligible, and, moreover, one of the most agreeable studies in the world. We see how each work of art sprang irresistibly from necessity, and, moreover, took its form from the broad hint of Nature. Beautiful in this wise is the obvious origin of all the known orders of architecture, namely, that they were the idealizing of the primitive abodes of each people. Thus the Doric temple still presents the semblance of the wooden cabin, in which the Dorians dwelt. The Chinese pagoda is plainly a Tartar tent. The Indian and Egyptian temples still betray the mounds and subterranean houses of their forefathers. The Gothic church plainly originated in a rude adaptation of forest trees, with their boughs on, to a festal or solemn edifice, as the bands around the cleft pillars still indicate the green withs that tied them. No one can walk in a pine barren, in one of the paths which the woodcutters make for their teams, without being struck with the architectural appearance of the grove, especially in winter, when the bareness of all other trees shows the low arch of the Saxons. In the woods, in a winter afternoon, one will see as readily the origin of the stained glass window with which the Gothic cathedrals are adorned, in the colors of the western sky, seen through the bare and crossing branches of the forest. Nor, I think, can any lover of nature enter the old piles of Oxford and the English cathedrals, without feeling that the forest overpowered the mind of the builder, with its ferns, its spikes of flowers, its locust, its oak, its pine, its fir, its spruce. The cathedral is a blossoming in stone, subdued by the insatiable demand of harmony in man. The mountain of granite blooms into an eternal flower, with the lightness and delicate finish, as well as aerial proportions and perspective of vegetable beauty.

There was no wilfulness in the savages in this perpetuating of their first rude abodes. The first form in which they built a house would be the first form of their public

and religious edifice also. This form becomes immediately sacred in the eyes of their children, and the more so, as more traditions cluster round it, and is, therefore, imitated with more splendor in each succeeding generation.

In like manner, it has been remarked by Goethe, that the granite breaks into parallelopipeds, which, broken in two, one part would be an obelisk; that in Upper Egypt the inhabitants would naturally mark a memorable spot by setting up so conspicuous a stone. Again, he suggested we may see in any stone wall, on a fragment of rock, the projecting veins of harder stone, which have resisted the action of frost and water, which has decomposed the rest. This appearance certainly gave the hint of the hieroglyphics inscribed on their obelisk. The amphitheatre of the old Romans, — any one may see its origin, who looks at the crowd running together to see any fight, sickness, or odd appearance in the street. The first comers gather round in a circle; those behind stand on tiptoe; and further back they climb on fences or window sills, and so make a cup of which the object of attention occupies the hollow area. The architect put benches in this order, and enclosed the cup with a wall, and behold a coliseum.

It would be easy to show of very many fine things in the world, in the customs of nations, the etiquette of courts, the constitution of governments, the origin in very simple local necessities. Heraldry, for example, and the ceremonies of a coronation, are a splendid burlesque of the occurrences that might befal a dragoon and his footboy. The College of Cardinals were originally the parish priests of Rome. The leaning towers originated from the civil discords which induced every lord to build a tower. Then it became a point of family pride, — and for pride a leaning tower was built.

This strict dependence of art upon material and ideal nature, this adamantine necessity, which it underlies, has made all its past, and may foreshow its future history. It never was in the power of any man, or any community, to call the arts into being. They come to serve his actual wants, never to please his fancy. These arts have their origin always in some enthusiasm, as love, patriotism, or religion. Who carved marble? The believing man, who wished to symbolize their gods to the waiting Greeks.

The Gothic cathedrals were built, when the builder and the priest and the people were overpowered by their faith. Love and fear laid every stone. The Madonnas of Raphael and Titian were made to be worshipped. Tragedy was instituted for the like purpose, and the miracles of music ;— all sprang out of some genuine enthusiasm, and never out of dilettantism and holidays. But now they languish, because their purpose is merely exhibition. Who cares, who knows what works of art our government have ordered to be made for the capitol? They are a mere flourish to please the eye of persons who have associations with books and galleries. But in Greece, the Demos of Athens divided into political factions upon the merits of Phidias.

In this country, at this time, other interests than religion and patriotism are predominant, and the arts, the daughters of enthusiasm, do not flourish. The genuine offspring of our ruling passions we behold. Popular institutions, the school, the reading room, the post office, the exchange, the insurance company, and an immense harvest of economical inventions, are the fruit of the equality and the boundless liberty of lucrative callings. These are superficial wants ; and their fruits are these superficial institutions. But as far as they accelerate the end of political freedom and national education, they are preparing the soil of man for fairer flowers and fruits in another age. For beauty, truth, and goodness are not obsolete ; they spring eternal in the breast of man ; they are as indigenous in Massachusetts as in Tuscany, or the Isles of Greece. And that Eternal Spirit, whose triple face they are, moulds from them forever, for his mortal child, images to remind him of the Infinite and Fair.

Emerson

GLIMMERINGS.

What is there in the full moon, that it should disturb the soul with these thousand old dim recollections? Why should her long shadows point ever to the past? Why should they waken melancholy? Childhood and youth, romance and love, sad and merry hours, — ye are all out there in the moonlight! Ye have gone out from my soul, and hang all around me in this silvered darkness. Mysterious power of association! How strangely Nature mirrors the soul! How her phases reflect back, and give us again our long-lost dreams! He who has never hung with fond sadness on the wondrous moon, has never loved.

All human knowledge is but approximation. Man can never compass the Infinite, any more than he can inhale the whole atmosphere. Yet what he does know, mirrors the Infinite. Every drop of night-dew reflects the whole star-firmament; every pure night-thought hath a glimmer of the All-True within its bosom. All is prophesied in each. Every part is an evangel inspired by the whole. Each opening flower is a Messiah of the uncontained dispensation of Beauty; each visitation of high thought a herald, who proclaims the coming of the kingdom of Truth; — and each virtuous deed a voice crying in the wilderness, "Make straight the pathway of our God."

What should we be but for the gentle teachings of this green summer time? I feel that I am at God's school, when I sit on the grass, under these elms, and look about me, and think upon Nature's impersonality. Man has not broken into the charmed circle in any way. Least of all does Nature imitate the obtrusiveness of our moral codes. She reads her mysterious fables, but we are not pestered by the word "application" at the bottom of the picture. What lesson, before another, shall she point us to, who is thus infinitely wealthy? Generously she lets the soul feed its own instincts, grazing where it will in her green pastures, — knowing that if we love her wisely, we cannot be poisoned or starved in her company. Thus she feeds us as she does the bee and butterfly, with many flowers and odors, trust-

ing that like theirs, our appropriative instincts will be unfolded harmoniously, and that we shall come evermore to *her* law by coming to ourselves.

And here come the bee and the butterfly themselves to tell us about it. But, as I said, they obtrude not their precepts upon us. Nay, they seem rather shy than not. And yet these two insects have been, unconsciously to themselves and to man, preachers and parable-bringers since Thought began.

So come here, thou little citizen of this green republic, and tell us more than the dull books, which prate as if they knew all about thee. We may fling aside Kirby and Spence, now *thou* art here. Come, leave that clover-blossom awhile, where thou art rolling thyself about and packing away thy nectar; — cease that monotonous talking to thyself, — that hurried merchant-like air: — leave dunning the poor, drooping, insolvent field-flowers, for they will pay thee one day: — come out of the sunshine, thou hot, petulant, systematic little worker, and tell us why thou hast ever been a stirrer of deep thoughts and resolves to the earnest soul! And thou, my lady butterfly, — gay dancer in the breeze, living air-flower, — silent ever, but not from thought, — making thy demure morning calls on the very flowers at whose doors the disappointed bee has been grumbling; — who made thee a proverb and a perpetual homily in the courts of kings, — or saw thee flitting along in thy relations of the street or the ball-room? Did some poet invent these correspondences, or stand they not as they have ever stood, written in the double-leaved book of the Most High?

For indeed God writes all his decrees dually. They are simultaneously proclaimed at the two open gates of His city, to the inhabitants of the suburbs, — which open gates are nature and the soul. They who hear one proclamation rejoice, but feebly. But they who hear both, mingle faith and wisdom with their joy. The gliding river tells me of this fleeting time; the sunrise, of the appearing of God's truth; the fragrance of the fields, going forever silently up to heaven, teaches me how to pray without ceasing; the young green spring says more to me of the New Birth than libraries of sermons; — and so all the world over, and from the beginning of time, has nature been a scroll, whose letters

and pages are nought, till the soul's language, in which it is written, be mastered.

I am no Swedenborgian, nor must the following lines be bound down to a dogmatic meaning; yet I will confess that they were written after rising from an hour or two spent over the attractive writings of the great Seer of Sweden.

CORRESPONDENCES.

All things in Nature are beautiful types to the soul that will read them;
  Nothing exists upon earth, but for unspeakable ends.
Every object that speaks to the senses was meant for the spirit:
  Nature is but a scroll, — God's hand-writing thereon.
Ages ago, when man was pure, ere the flood overwhelmed him,
  While in the image of God every soul yet lived,
Everything stood as a letter or word of a language familiar,
  Telling of truths which *now* only the angels can read.
Lost to man was the key of those sacred hieroglyphics, —
  Stolen away by sin, — till with Jesus restored.
Now with infinite pains we here and there spell out a letter;
  Now and then will the sense feebly shine through the dark.
When we perceive the light which breaks through the visible symbol,
  What exultation is ours! *we* the discovery have made!
Yet is the meaning the same as when Adam lived sinless in Eden,
  Only long-hidden it slept and now again is restored.
Man unconsciously uses figures of speech every moment,
  Little dreaming the cause why to such terms he is prone, —
Little dreaming that everything has its own correspondence
  Folded within it of old, as in the body the soul.
Gleams of the mystery fall on us still, though much is forgotten,
  And through our commonest speech illumines the path of our thoughts.
Thus does the lordly sun shine out a type of the Godhead;
  Wisdom and Love the beams that stream on a darkened world.
Thus do the sparkling waters flow, giving joy to the desert,
  And the great Fountain of Life opens itself to the thirst.
Thus does the word of God distil like the rain and the dew-drops,
  Thus does the warm wind breathe like to the Spirit of God,
And the green grass and the flowers are signs of the regeneration.

  O thou Spirit of Truth! visit our minds once more!
Give us to read, in letters of light, the language celestial,
  Written all over the earth, — written all over the sky:
Thus may we bring our hearts at length to know our Creator,
  Seeing in all things around types of the Infinite Mind.

COLOR AND LIGHT.

The word unto the nations came
  And shone o'er many a darkened spot;
The pure white lustre of its flame
  The darkness comprehended not;

Till broken into colored light,
Within the prism of the mind,
It traced upon the murky night
A rainbow arch with hues defined.

And where the narrowed sunbeams turned
To colors all distinct, yet blended,
The soul of man within him burned, —
The darkness dimly comprehended.

When shall the pure ethereal fire
Glow with a white interior heat?
When shall the Truth of God inspire
The shaping mind with light complete?

Never, — until a second youth
Renews the earth; then may we see
The primal Light, — the uncolored Truth,
And gather life eternally.

MY THOUGHTS.

Many are the thoughts that come to me
In my lonely musing;
And they drift so strange and swift,
There's no time for choosing
Which to follow, for to leave
Any, seems a losing.

When they come, they come in flocks,
As on glancing feather,
Startled birds rise one by one
In autumnal weather,
Waking one another up
From the sheltering heather.

Some so merry that I laugh,
Some are grave and serious,
Some so trite, their least approach
Is enough to weary us: —
Others flit like midnight ghosts,
Shrouded and mysterious.

There are thoughts that o'er me steal,
Like the day when dawning;
Great thoughts winged with melody
Common utterance scorning,
Moving in an inward tune,
And an inward morning.

Some have dark and drooping wings,
Children all of sorrow;
Some are as gay, as if to-day
Could see no cloudy morrow, —
And yet like light and shade they each
Must from the other borrow.

One by one they come to me
On their destined mission;
One by one I see them fade
With no hopeless vision;
For they 've led me on a step
To their home Elysian.

THE RIDDLE.

"Ye bards, ye prophets, ye sages,
Read to me if ye can,
That which hath been the riddle of ages,
Read me the riddle of MAN!"

Then came the bard with his lyre
And the sage with his pen and scroll,
And the prophet with his eye of fire,
To unriddle a human soul.

And the soul stood up in its might,
Its stature they could not scan,
And it rayed out a dazzling mystic light,
And shamed their wisest plan.

Yet sweetly the bard did sing,
And learnedly talked the sage,
And the seer flashed by with his lightning wing,
Soaring beyond his age.

Of life-fire snatched from Jove;
Of a forfeited age of gold;
Of providence and deathless love
The chanting minstrel told.

The sage of wisdom spoke,
Of doctrines, books, and schools,
And how when they broke from learning's yoke,
All men were turned to fools.

And the prophet told of heaven,
And the golden age to come,—
"Ye must follow the sun through the gates of even,
And he will lead you home."

Many a dream they saw,
And many a creed did build;
Each in its turn was truth and law,
While they who sought were filled.

But the soul stood up, still freed
From the prison of each plan,—
He was a riddle they could not read,
This simple-seeming man.

He stood in his mystery still,
Of ever changing light;

Many, yet one, he baffled their skill,
And put their dreams to flight.

His feet on the earth were planted,
His head o'er the stars rose dim,
And ever unto himself he chanted
A half articulate hymn.

In words confused and broken,
He chanted his mystic dream,
And but half of the half his lips had spoken,
Floated on Time's dull stream.

They, who heard of the song which he
Sang on from time to time,
Gave it the name Philosophy,
And echoed the olden rhyme.

But their systems all are vain,
And the overflowing soul
Sweeps lyre and song to the dark inane,
And blots the old sage's scroll.

And man, the great riddle, is still
Unread to the dreamer's eye, —
We are ever afloat, as we ply our skill,
On the sea of mystery.

THE OCEAN.

———"In a season of calm weather
Though inland far we be,
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
That brought us hither,
Can in a moment travel thither,
And see the children sport upon the shore,
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore." —

WORDSWORTH.

Tell me, brother, what are we?
Spirits bathing in the sea
Of Deity!
Half afloat, and half on land,
Wishing much to leave the strand,
Standing, gazing with devotion,
Yet afraid to trust the ocean,—
Such are we.

Wanting love and holiness,
To enjoy the wave's caress;
Wanting faith and heavenly hope,
Bouyantly to bear us up;
Yet impatient in our dwelling,
When we hear the ocean swelling,
And in every wave that rolls

We behold the happy souls
Peacefully, triumphantly
Swimming on the smiling sea,
Then we linger round the shore,
Lovers of the earth no more.

Once, — 't was in our infancy,
We were drifted by this sea
To the coast of human birth,
To this body and this earth:
Gentle were the hands that bore
Our young spirits to the shore;
Gentle lips that bade us look
Outward from our cradle-nook
To the spirit-bearing ocean
With such wonder and devotion,
As, each stilly sabbath day,
We were led a little way,
Where we saw the waters swell
Far away from inland dell,
And received with grave delight
Symbols of the Infinite: —
Then our home was near the sea;
"Heaven was round our infancy;" —
Night and day we heard the waves
Murmuring by us to their caves; —
Floated in unconscious life
With no later doubts at strife,
Trustful of the Upholding Power,
Who sustained us hour by hour.

Now we've wandered from the shore,
Dwellers by the sea no more;
Yet at times there comes a tone
Telling of the visions flown,
Sounding from the distant sea
Where we left our purity:
Distant glimpses of the surge
Lure us down to ocean's verge;
There we stand with vague distress,
Yearning for the measureless,
By half-wakened instincts driven,
Half loving earth, half loving heaven,
Fearing to put off and swim,
Yet impelled to turn to Him,
In whose life we live and move,
And whose very name is Love.

Grant me, courage, Holy One,
To become indeed thy son,
And in thee, thou Parent-Sea,
Live and love eternally.

C.

LETTERS FROM ITALY ON THE REPRESENTATIVES OF ITALY.

I HAVE promised to write to you from Italy of the Italians. Not of those of to-day, late and imperfectly ripened fruits of the great tree, beneath which the nations once feasted in the shade, but of the great ones who represent the June day in the garden of the world.

When we were most devoted to the literature of Italy, and found no repose from the bustle and noise of every-day life, so sweet and profound as in the solitudes of Vaucluse, or the garden of Boccaccio, you would say, after declaiming some favorite passage with a superabundant emphasis, which would, perhaps, have called a smile to the lip even of the Italian most addicted to the *issimos*. "But, after all, we do not entirely feel the beauty of this. No work of literature or art can be felt as it ought, except in those relations of climate and scenery, in which it was produced. This, true of all countries, is peculiarly so of Italy; for the Italian is educated by his climate, and lives in the open air. The Italian sun paints this description, the Italian breeze breathes in these cadences, the happy constitution of the people gives a smoothness and subtle delicacy to this witticism, which we cannot appreciate beside a coal fire, and with the keen wind of our hills blowing the snow drifts before our eyes."

I often laughed at this theory; yet here upon the spot I find it true. The Italian sonnet is another thing to me, since I heard the language day by day; and the wine and honey of the Italian prose never, I find, were tasted in their true flavor till my eye became acquainted with the sky beneath which it grew up.

Of none is this truer than of our friend Boccaccio. And I will begin the promised correspondence by noting down a few thoughts suggested by my new acquaintance with the Decameron. They are not many, for I do not read or think much; in this climate mere living is employment enough.

Giovanni Boccaccio; it is a famous name; and yet how few seem to appreciate or even know anything about him, except that he is one of three whose names we are in the habit

of jingling together, — Dante, Petrarch, and Boccaccio. Neither is there much chance of his being better known, for the world grows more and more delicate as it grows older, and Boccace is nature itself, and the most unclad nature withal. And here, once for all, let me say what occurs to me on this subject. When we see a picture or statue, on what is our judgment of it founded? We look to see if the sentiment is true to nature, if the drawing is correct, if the *nature* is beautiful and true, if the spirit in which it is conceived be refined, and if we find these we are satisfied. But do we ask ourselves, when we see a drunken and sensual faun carved in Parian stone, whether the subject is moral, whether it is decent? Thank Heaven! I believe not, naturally, — such an inquiry is always suggested to the mind by the habit of using a conventional standard. When a Michael Angelo carves a Bacchus, (and his was no ideal Bacchus, but the deity of drunkenness,) do we ask such a question? Never. The art is its own reason. We recognise the presence of a wider law than that of our conventions, and, self-forgetful, are lost in the power of design. We recognise in the artist, not a law-giver to man, but a seer of the law of God. I saw, not long since, an engraving of an ancient marble, which represented a sea-monster, half-fish, half-man, carrying away a woman over the ocean, who seems to struggle and look back in vain, and rarely have I received from any design more pure delight. For the whole was full of Grecian grace; you could fancy the gentle waves, curling about the group, the blue sky above, all the earth young and loving about them. The genius of the artist so carried you at once to his ideal world, that it required an effort of thought to remember the actual subject, or figure to yourself that some Philistine, with no idea of any world beyond the one present at this moment, might say, "What a disgusting subject!" And so, Giovanni Boccaccio, do I think of thee! In thy noble mind this world was no decrepid debauchee, shunning the light, and hiding his unseemly person; but young, as if fresh from creation, not ashamed to utter all the thoughts that came into its head, sad or gay, tragic or fantastic. And this leads me to speak of a characteristic of Boccaccio; it is this perpetual youth. If he would describe a delicious scene, it is always with the dewy freshness of sunrise on

every leaf, — his descriptions of morning are unrivalled. His persons are always "giovani, e costumati, e piacevoli assai;" young and fair to look upon, gentle, and of good manners, but frank and free; so that, if you were now to see such an one, fresh and full of fun and feeling, you would say, "There is one of Boccaccio's young men." His characters have not those minute and delicate traits, marking man from man as an individual, which Shakspeare, and, in a less degree, so many moderns have taught us to look for. Rather are they all drawn after one noble pattern; not like the work of a mannerist, but as if the author had lived in an early stage of society, when the lines are rather between class and class than between man and man. But I am afraid of making my distinction too marked, without making plain enough what it consists in. You will understand me, if I recall to your mind some of the painters whose figures have no mannerism, and yet seem all of one homogeneous race.

Dante, Petrarch, and Boccaccio, — I repeated to myself; and then asked what is it that entitles the author of the Decameron to such companionship? For I need not tell you in what estimation I hold the two first, and how they seem to me, with Shakspeare, to make the great Three in modern literature. Now, I will own Baccaccio as a not unworthy fourth. For I should say that it belongs to them more than any other modern writers, to have sprung from the earth, — original, sitanic, the first of their race. We like to trace back the filiations of genius, to see how circumstances, or the contact with other minds, have influenced its growth; to trace an idea growing toward perfection through many minds, till at last it comes to flower in one, but we look in vain for the progenitors of these. Most men are the sons of time, — these are its "prophetic lords." Many a poet has expressed what his century taught him. These wrote as if they stood at the beginning of time, and had the centuries to teach. To sympathize with me here, you must look through the costume, the manners of their times, their systems of religion and morals, to the elemental forms they cover. In Boccaccio, what delights me is his constant freedom. He saw through the spirit of his time. He understood its littleness and bigotry. He despised its prejudices. What is mean, or low, or vicious,

he attacks, sometimes with bitter and unsparing reproof, (as in his denunciation of the Florentines, for their treatment of Dante,) with grave irony, or, more often, and this suits better his cheerful nature, with overpowering wholesale ridicule. At what is deformed or vicious he will rather laugh than weep, but what is true or beautiful finds no more sincere lover and interpreter than he.

At a time when the church was preëminent; when all Europe was filled with monks and monasteries; he feared not their power nor their enmity; but gaily and gravely, decorously and indecorously, attacked their saintly and respected hypocrisy in the most vulnerable parts. Dante's bitter, though often veiled denunciation, had opened the minds of the few; the gay and fearless assaults of Boccaccio dragged the cowl from the satyr, and exposed him to the ridicule of the mob. He had no compassion for a class, or for a sanctity that was cut off by its very nature from the common sympathies of humanity; and yet true religion never encountered an enemy in him. As a proof of this, I translate the opening of the first novel, which seems to me admirable and most truly christian in its spirit, at once devout and liberal.

"It is meet, O dearest ladies! that whatsoever work a man enters upon, should be prefaced with the wondrous and holy name of him who was the Creator of all. Wherefore, since I am to begin our story-telling, I mean to make a beginning with one of his wonderful truths, so that by hearing it our faith in Him, as in something not to be changed, may become stronger, and we may always give praises to his name. It is manifest, that as all things temporal are transitory and mortal, so both within and without they are full of annoy, and anguish, and labor, and subject to infinite dangers, so as to be beyond the endurance and the powers of us who are mixed up with, and are a part of them, if the special grace of God did not afford us strength and light, — the which, let us not suppose, descends upon us for any merit of ours; but moved by its own goodness, and vouchsafed to the prayers of those who were once mortal as we are, and doing his will while they were in this life, are now become eternal and happy in his presence. To whom we address our prayers for those things we desire, as if to solicitors, acquainted by experience with our frailty, and as if fearful to bring our prayers before the face of so great a judge. And still more does his compassion and goodness towards us become manifest, when we consider that since the brightness of mortal eye cannot pierce the secrets

of the divine mind, it may happen that we, deceived in our estimation, have chosen as our intercessor before his face, one who is driven thence into eternal banishment; and still, He from whom nothing is hidden, regarding the purity of him that prays, and not his ignorance, or the absence of his intercessor, hears the prayers, as if he through whom it is addressed were among the happy in his presence. The which will appear plainly in the novel I mean to relate, — plainly, I mean to the judgment of man — not to that of God."

One must know the narrow and unsparing dogmatism of the church in those times, to appreciate the liberality of this, — and how far he was in advance of his time. And is not the doctrine of the intercession of saints beautiful in this simple statement? The same liberality may be seen in his treatment of the Jews. It seems as if prejudice against them were inborn in the nations. Scott has a Rebecca to be sure, and Shakspeare a Jessica; and among a thousand heroines in modern fictions, we now and then see an amiable Jewess; but here liberality stops, — and we remember with how little tenderness Shylock and Isaac are pictured by their creators. Not so Boccaccio, whose Jews are noble figures, and the only novels in which, so far as I remember, he has introduced them, he has chosen to set forth lessons that we too have not come so late into the world that we can derive no profit from them. The first of these relates to a Jew, by name Abraham, who lived in Paris, and who, as the story goes, was in all things an upright and honorable man. Now he had a Christian friend, — Giannotto da Civigni, a great merchant and excellent man, who was much attached to him, and who, seeing the life he led, sought by every means in his power to turn him from his belief, and make him a Christian. The Jew, after a while, began to take a pleasure in hearing him, but was not to be shaken in his faith. At last he announced his intention of going to Rome, to see and judge for himself how far their faith rendered the pastors of the church more excellent than other men. Now was Giannotto at his wit's end; for, thinks he, if Abraham goes to Rome and sees what the heads of the church really are, alas! it is all over with making him to a Christian. However, the Jew was not be moved from his purpose, and accordingly goes to Rome; when he finds the vices and depravity of the clergy beyond belief, — finds them sensual, avaricious, and given without remorse

to more sins than he can number. When he has satisfied himself, he returns home and tells Giannotto what he has seen, and how all seem to be striving to destroy the faith from its foundation. "And yet," he says, "I do not see that they succeed, but day by day your religion grows, and becomes more clear, so that I plainly perceive that, by its truth and holiness, it has a deeper foundation and support in the divine spirit than any other. So that I, who before so stiffly opposed your arguments, and woutd not become a Christian, would now by all means become so."

The power of the Roman Church has passed away. The clergy, among ourselves, are not possessed of wealth and power. We cannot accuse them of avarice, or luxury, or pride; we are, beside, too little rather than too much given to cherishing things sacred. Still, when we recollect that a class, set apart from the rest to satisfy one want of humanity, must always be in danger of one-sidedness and narrowness, and when we know that, in being thus divided from the rest, they are not necessarily made better than the rest, not certainly made sacred in being separated, we feel the force of Abraham's words, and say with him, Let us cherish the priest, but believe the religion.

The other story is the well known one of the "Three Rings."

The true commentary on the writings of an author is his life, if we can but get at it as a whole. That of Boccaccio, in the mere outline I have before me, speaks plainly enough. His father was a Tuscan of the little town of Certaldo, his mother born in Paris. Their condition was neither high nor low, but of that middle class, in which the heart's blood of society flows with strongest pulse. He received a tolerable education, and was then by his father introduced to trade, and remained a merchant till his eight-and-twentieth year. During this time he led a life of travelling, which, in those days, must have been one of continual adventure; above all, to the romantic, bold, fun-loving and woman-loving Boccaccio. This is the life best suited to bring a man closely in contact with the realities as well as the romance of his time. The history goes on to say that, by his father's command, he established himself at Naples, and that, walking one day alone, he came to the place where lie the ashes of Virgil. There he fell to medi-

tating on the glory acquired by this great poet, and thereat took so great a despite to traffic, that, returning home, he gave himself entirely to the study of poetry.

This seems an extravagance, till we feel who it was that took this sudden determination, one of no weak or doubting mind. For to one of his "altezza d'animo," to know his course false to himself, and to forsake it, is but one act. And his stories contain many examples of characters of the same large and simple mould; there is, for instance, the story of a miser, who, reproved by a single word of a wise and witty man, saw so clearly the baseness of his avarice and discourtesy, that, from that day forward, he abandoned them. The story of Abraham, which I have given above, is of the same sort; and this largeness and singleness of soul, which he who so felt could so well paint, gives a charm to the story of Ghismonda, which makes it a sublime tragedy.

The life goes on to say, that he gave his time to the study of the ancients, and became one of the most learned men of his time. He wrote, in Latin, a genealogy of the gods, and a list of ancient names of rivers and mountains; these are tasks, which seem even pedantic, and yet so free and incapable of fetters was his spirit, that his Decameron is, perhaps, the first book of modern times which is completely modern, showing no trace of the study of the classics, unless in the amenity and uniformity of its design.

I do not know that I can better confirm my thought, than by giving you here a translation of the Preface to the Fourth Day.

"Dearest ladies; from all that I had heard of the words of the wise, and all that I myself had seen or read, I had judged that the impetuous and fiery blast of envy should attack only the highest towers and most lofty tree-tops. But alas! how wofully had my judgment gone astray, since I, who have always bent my forces to avoid the fierce enmity of this rabid spirit; as you may plainly see, if you will consider these novels of mine, how I have written them not only in the vulgar Florentine, and in prose, and without a name, but also in the most humble and unambitious style I could, yet for all this could not escape being fiercely shaken, and torn almost up by the roots by this tempest, and all scarred by the teeth of envy. From whence, most plainly do I see how true is what the wise say, 'that misery alone in this world escapes envy.' For there are some, O discreet ladies! who, in reading these stories, say that I delight too much in you,

and that it is a shame for me to take so much pains to please and console; and some even say, commend you as I do, and others, who would fain seem to speak more sapiently say, that it becomes not my time of life to be following after such things; namely, to reason about women, or to entertain them; and many, who show themselves most tender of my fame, say that I should do more wisely to stay with the Muses on Mount Parnassus, than to employ myself among you about these trifles; and some, speaking more spitefully than wisely, say, that I should act with more discretion, if I looked about to get my daily bread, than in feeding the wind behind the bushes. And there are some, besides, who trouble themselves to show, that the things which I relate happened differently from the way in which I tell them, and this in spite of all the pains I have taken. In fine, you see, most esteemed dames, with what cruel and sharp teeth they attack me, and wrong and bite even to the quick, while I am thus enlisted in your service; to all which things, God knows, I listen with undisturbed spirit; and, although in this matter, my defence belongs properly to you, yet do I not mean to spare my own strength, but, without so fully answering them as I might, with some light reply, take myself out of their hearing. For if already, when I have not accomplished the third of my task, they are so many and so presuming, it seems to me that if they do not receive some check, before I reach the end, they may be so multiplied, that without much trouble they could completely overset me; nor in such case could your powers, great as they are, prevail. But before I begin my reply to any, I wish in my own defence to tell a story, — not a whole one, lest it may seem that I wish to mix up my stories with those of the gentle company that I have told you of, — but a part of one only, so that its very deficiency may show that it is not one of those. And so, my assailants! here is my story.

"It happened, a long time ago, in our city, that there was a citizen, named Philip Balducci, a man of not the highest rank, but rich and well nurtured, and a master of all things belonging to one of his standing. And he had a wife, whom he loved the best of all things, and she loved him in like manner, and they lived a quiet and even life together, having their thoughts on nothing so intent, as how to please each other. Now it happened, as it does to all, that this good lady died, leaving to Philip no other memorial of herself than one child of his begetting, then some two years old. Never was man more inconsolable at the loss of that he loved, than was Philip Balducci; and seeing himself thus solitary, deprived of her he loved, he determined that he would no longer remain in the world, but would give himself to the service of God, and do the like with his little son. So having given away all he had for the love of God, he went with-

out delay up to Mount Asinajo, to live there in a little cell, along with his son, and there with him he passed his time in fasting and prayer, subsisting upon alms; and took the greatest care when the boy was by never to speak of any temporal affair, nor to let any such be seen, lest they might seduce him from the service of the Lord, but ever discoursed of the glory of life eternal, and of God and the saints, and taught him nothing but holy orisons.

"The worthy man was in the habit of coming sometimes to Florence, and then as fortune favored, being succored by the piously disposed, returned again to his cell. Now it happened that the youth, having reached his nineteenth year, and his father having grown old, he asked him one day whither he was going. Philip told him; at which the youth said; 'My father, you are now getting in years, and can ill endure fatigue; why not take me with you once to Florence, and point out to me the devout and the friends of God, and yours, and I, who am young and can bear fatigue better than you, shall afterwards be able to go to Florence and provide for our wants whenever you please, whilst you can stay at home?' The good man, considering that his son was already grown up, and so trained to the service of God, that the things of the world could hardly draw him aside, said to himself, 'the boy is right;' and so next time he went took him with him. There the youth, seeing the palaces, the houses, the churches, and all the other things, of which the city is full, and having no recollection of ever having seen them before, was struck with admiration, and asked his father about a thousand things, what they were, and how they were called. His father told him all; and he, one question satisfied, had soon another to ask. And thus they went along, the son inquiring and the father replying, until they chanced to meet a band of ladies, all fair and nicely drest, who were come from a wedding, and whom the youth no sooner saw, than he asked his father what manner of things they were. His father answered, 'cast down thine eyes, my son, on the ground, and look not at them, for they are an evil thing.' 'But what do they call them?' said the son. The father, fearing to arouse some mischievous demon in his son's ready imagination, would not name them by their proper name as women, but said, they call them 'pápere.' Wonderful to tell, this boy, who had never seen a woman, forgetting palaces and oxen, and horses and asses, and all the other things that he had seen, said at once; 'O! father mine! do manage to get one of these pápere for me.' 'Alas! my son,' replied the father, 'be silent, I pray you; they are an evil thing.' 'What,' asked the son, 'look evil things so?' 'No otherwise,' said his father. 'Then,' said he, 'you know better than I; but I do not see why they are an evil thing. As for me, I never saw anything so beautiful nor so agreeable before. They are more lovely than the painted an-

gels you have so often shown me. O! if you love me now, do let us take one of these pápere up home with us, and I will take care and feed it.' The father said, 'I would rather you should not know how to feed them;' and felt at once that nature was stronger than his teachings, and repented of having ever brought him to Florence. But so much is enough to tell of this story, and now I will return to those, for whose benefit I have related it.

"Some of these fault-finders take me to task, O, youthful dames, because I take so much pains to do you a pleasure, and because I take so much delight in you. These are things which I openly confess, namely, that I delight in you, and would fain please you. And I ask of them if this is to be wondered at, when they consider (we will not speak of the loving kisses, the passionate embraces, and the many delights they owe you, sweetest ladies) how they live in your presence, and see continually your gracious manners, your gentle beauty, your bewitching grace, and, above all, your womanly dignity. When they see how this youth, brought up on a savage and solitary mountain, within the bounds of a narrow cell, with no other company than his father, the moment he saw you, you were his sole desire, for you alone he asked, — and you he followed with affection. Let them, then, reprove, and persecute, and tear me without mercy for this, that I delight in you, and strive to delight you, I, whom heaven made with a frame all alive to your love, and who from boyhood have devoted my soul to you, feeling the virtue there is in the light of your eyes, and the sweetness of your honey-flowing words, and the flame lighted by your pitying sighs, — above all, when I recollect how you first fixed the eyes of this little hermit, this rude child, or rather wild animal. For surely who loves you not, nor desires to be loved by you, he repels me like one who cannot feel or understand the pleasures nor the virtue of natural affection, and little care I for him. As to them that reprove me in respect of my age, they show that they do not understand. But leaving jesting aside, to these I answer, that as long as I live I shall never count it to my shame to strive to please those whom Guido Cavalcanti, and Dante Alighieri, in their old age, and Messer Cino da Pistoja, to the extreme of life, held in honor, and to please whom was so dear to such as these. And were it not out of the usual course of argument, I would bring forward the histories, and show you how full they are of examples of brave men in old times, who placed their highest aim in that which should be for the service and honor of woman. And if my antagonists are ignorant of these, let them go and learn.

"That I should remain with the Muses on Parnassus I allow is good counsel, and not amiss. But we may not dwell ever with the Muses, nor they with us. And when it happens that a man

out delay up to Mount Asinajo, to live there in a little cell, along with his son, and there with him he passed his time in fasting and prayer, subsisting upon alms; and took the greatest care when the boy was by never to speak of any temporal affair, nor to let any such be seen, lest they might seduce him from the service of the Lord, but ever discoursed of the glory of life eternal, and of God and the saints, and taught him nothing but holy orisons.

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"That I should remain with the Muses on Parnassus I allow is good counsel, and not amiss. But we may not dwell ever with the Muses, nor they with us. And when it happens that a man

must leave their company, that he should delight himself with that which is nearest to their likeness, is this blame-worthy? The Muses are women, and though women be not their peers, yet do they bear in their aspect a likeness to them, so that if they pleased me for nought else, here were a reason. Moreover, in past times women have been the cause of my making thousands of verses, but the Muses never of one. They have assisted me, indeed, and shown me how to compose those thousands; and perhaps also in the writing of these things, humble as they are, they have come sometimes to stand beside me, and lend their aid perchance in honor of the likeness between themselves and the subject of my stories. For while I weave them I leave neither Parnassus nor the Muses so far behind as many perhaps may think.

"But what shall we say to those who have so much compassion on my hunger, that they advise me rather to look out for my bread? Alas, I know not, unless I consider what would be their answer to me, if I, in time of need, should come to ask bread of them. They might, like enough, say, Go look for it among your novels. And, indeed, the poets have oftener found it among their fables than many a rich man among his treasures. And many poets, from beneath their fables, have made green their age. While, on the other hand, many, seeking more bread than they needed, have perished premature. What else? It is time for them to repulse me when I ask something of them, for now, thank God, I have no need; and when need does come, I know, in the words of the Apostle, 'To abound and to suffer want.' And as to that, my affairs are so important to no one as to myself.

"For those who say that the facts I relate happened not as I relate them, I should be much their debtor if they would procure me the originals, and if they differ from that I write, I will confess their reprehension just and strive to mend. But till they bring me something better than words, I shall leave them in their belief, and follow mine own, — and report of them that which they report of me. And as I would now fain bring my answer to an end, I say that, armed with the assistance of God, and yours, Oh gentle ladies, in which I hope, and with the aid of patience, I will go on with my undertaking, — and turning my back to the tempest, let it blow as it will. I see not but it must needs be with me as it happens to the fine dust, which, when the whirlwind comes, perhaps rests quiet on the ground, or if the blast raises it, it is borne aloft and left often on the heads of men, — on the crowns of kings and emperors, and sometimes on the tops of high palaces and lofty towers, — whence if it fall, it falls no farther than its place from which it rose. And if I have ever bent all my powers to your service, now more than ever am I disposed so to do, — for I know that all that can with reason be

said of me, and all who love you, is that we act after nature; to oppose whose laws too great strength is needed, — and if it is applied, it is often in vain, — and with great loss to him that attempts it. The which strength, I confess, I have not, —nor for such purposes do I desire it, and if I had it, would be more glad to furnish it to others, than to use it myself. Wherefore give me peace, ill-willers, — and remaining in your own delights, or rather corrupt appetites, let me rest in peace in this short life that is allotted us."

A delicacy, a gentle irony, which seems to throw dust in the eyes of his bat-like adversaries, rather than take the trouble to confute them, charms me throughout this passage, and it seems to veil in its light grâce an abounding wisdom. Thus, where he answers those who say that he should have remained with the Muses on Parnassus, rather than be looking to women for inspiration, his reply seems to say that we must leave the outworn traditions of the past, and seek our inspiration in the living world about us. I see running through the whole a defence of nature, a trust in natural impulses, a contempt for artificial distinctions and limitations. I am never tired of repeating to myself the image, so full of high wisdom, which occurs near the close, in which he likens himself and his labors to the impalpable dust, which the breeze may pass over and leave quiet on the ground, or which, borne aloft, may be left on the high palace tops, or the crowns of kings, but can fall no lower than its native home.

There is no truth which Boccaccio more delights in bringing forward than that there is no human condition so low, but that virtue may be found there; no outward disadvantage that mind, and heart, and soul, may not make null and void.

As in this noble passage, which I will rather transcribe than injure by translation, so rough and careless as mine is wont to be.

"E certo io maledicerei la natura parimente a la Fortuna, se is non conoscessi la natura esser discretissima, e la fortuna aver mille occhi, comechè gli sciocchi lei cieca figurino. Le quali io avviso, che siccome molto avvelute, fanno quello che i mortali, spesse volte, fanno: li quali incerti de' futuri casi, per le loro opportunitâ, le loro piu care cose, ne più vilé luoghi delle lor case, siccome meno sospetti, seppelliscono, e quindi ne' maggiori bisogni le traggono, avendo le il vil luogho piu securamente ser-

vate, che la bella camera non avrebbe. E cosi le due ministre del mondo, spesso le lor cose più care nascondono sotto l'ombra dell arti riputati vili, acciochè di quelle alle necessità traendole, pià chiaro appaja il loro splendore."

And in this connexion I cannot refrain from transcribing the following story, not only as it illustrates what I was saying, but because it has all the air of being an authentic record of a man in whom we all take peculiar interest, Giotto.

"Pamfili now began. It often happens, most dear ladies, that, as fortune hides the greatest treasures of virtue under mean occupations, so nature sometimes makes the basest forms the habitations of wonderful talents, — a plain demonstration of this truth you shall find in the case of two of our citizens, who are the subject of my short story. One of these two was Messer Forese da Rabatta, a little man, deformed, and with a face as ugly as possible, but yet of so great legal learning, that he was esteemed by the most sagacious to be an armory of the civil law. The other, by name Giotto, was possessed of so excellent a genius, that there was no work of nature, the mother of all things, whose labors are as unceasing as the revolutions of the heavens, that he did not imitate with pen and pencil, so that it seemed not so much like as the same. So that many times we find the sense of men deceived by his works, taking that for true which is only painted. He it was that restored to the light that art, which had been many ages buried beneath the errors of those who painted to please the eyes of the ignorant, and not the intellect of the wise. Wherefore he may be worthily reckoned one of the stars of the glory of Florence, and the more, when we consider with what humility, though the head of all those of his calling, he refused the title of Maestro. Which refusal shone so much the more to his honor, when the title was usurped by those who knew less than he or his disciples. But if his art was great, not so was his person, nor was his aspect by any means more comely than that of Messer Forese. To come to my story. Both Messer Forese and Giotto had possessions in Mugello, and the former, having been out to visit his in the season when they hold the festivals at the farms, and returning home on a broken-down carriage-horse, fell in with the aforesaid Giotto, on the way to Florence, having in like manner been to visit his lands. Now Giotto was in no wise better off than he in horse or harness, or anything else. Both being old men, and going at a gentle pace, they joined company, when it happened, as it often does in summer, they were overtaken by a sudden shower. They took shelter, as soon as they could, in the house of a peasant, who was acquainted with them both. But

after a while, as there were no signs of fair weather, and they wished to be in Florence before night, they borrowed of the countryman two old cloaks, and two hoods, all ragged with age, but the best that were to be had, and set out. As they went along they soon found themselves soaked with water and covered with mud, by the splashing of their horses' feet, circumstances which do not add much to the respectability of one's appearance. For a while they rode in silence, but as the weather cleared up a little, entered into conversation. And Messer Forese, riding along and listening to Giotto, who had a remarkable talent for conversation, began to consider him, his body, and head, and all over, and seeing everything so unshapely and out of order, without thinking of himself, began to laugh, and said, 'Giotto! suppose a stranger should come to meet us, who had never seen you, how long would it be before he would suspect you of being the greatest painter in the world, as you are?' To which Giotto presently replied: 'As soon, Messere, as he would suppose, from looking at you, that you knew your a, b, c.' At which Messer Forese perceived his error, and found himself paid in his own coin."

Since writing the above some days have passed, and I have nearly read through the Decameron. Naturally the subject has grown upon me, and I feel that it would be a work of time to give a complete account of my view of it. So take these imperfect notes in good part for the present.

Boccaccio did not act upon me with immediate attraction; to me he was not what we call "magnetic." My respect and liking for him grow each time I renew the acquaintance. Manliness, tenderness, nobleness, simplicity, nature, I find and admire in him. He is a true painter of man, *the creature of passion and circumstance.* "The plant man," he knows; but on the nobler side of this subject is unsatisfactory. With delicacy, refinement, *morbidezza*, he has little to do, and it is because we are aware of his almost entire deficiency in these attributes, that the broad jokes and broad nature of Boccaccio do not disgust us. Here is both his wealth and his poverty. But for us moderns, who, inheriting the civilization of all past time, have run the gauntlet of sentiment and refinement, so busy in adjusting the drapery of feeling, that the bone and sinew it should cover are well nigh forgotten, it is well to come back to Boccaccio, and his healthy morning freshness. One feeling, of which I am often aware, yet am not sure,

is this, that he is in a sense a mechanical artist. His figures seem too much made, too little conceived from within outwards. This effect may be attributable to the advanced age at which he embraced literature as a profession. What say you?

TO THE IDEAL.

Ah! what avails it thus to dream of thee,
Thou life above me, and aspire to be
A dweller in thy air serene and pure;
I wake, and must this lower life endure.

Look no more on me with sun-radiant eyes,
Mine droop so dimmed, in vain my weak sense tries
To find the color of this world of clay,—
Its hue has faded, its light died away.

In charity with life, how can I live?
What most I want, does it refuse to give.
Thou, who hast laid this spell upon my soul,
Must be to me henceforth a hope and goal.

Away, thou vision! Now must there be wrought
Armor from life in which may yet be fought
A way to thee,—thy memory shall inspire,
Although thy presence is consuming fire.

As one who may not linger in the halls,
And fair domains of his ancestral home,
Goes forth to labor, yet resolves those walls,
Redeemed, shall see his old age cease to roam.

So exile I myself, thou dream of youth,
Thou castle where my wild thoughts wandered free,
Yet bear a heart, which, through its love and truth,
Shall earn a right to throb its last with thee.

To work! with heart resigned and spirit strong,
Subdue by patient toil Time's heavy wrong;
Through nature's dullest, as her brightest ways
We will march onward, singing to thy praise.

Yet when our souls are in new forms arrayed,
Like thine, immortal, by immortal aid,
And with forgiving blessing stand beside
The clay in which they toiled and long were tried.

When comes that solemn "undetermined" hour,
Light of the soul's light! present be thy power;
And welcome be thou, as a friend who waits
With joy, a soul unsphered at heaven's gates.

RECORD OF THE MONTHS.

Michael Angelo, considered as a Philosophic Poet, with Translations. By JOHN EDWARD TAYLOR. London: Saunders & Otley, Conduit Street. 1840.

WE welcome this little book with joy, and a hope that it may be republished in Boston. It would find, probably, but a small circle of readers, but that circle would be more ready to receive and prize it than the English public, for whom it was intended, if we may judge by the way in which Mr. Taylor, all through his prefatory essay, has considered it necessary to apologize for, or, at least, explain views very commonly received among ourselves.

The essay is interesting from the degree of acquaintance it exhibits with some of those great ones, who have held up the highest aims to the soul, and from the degree of insight which reverence and delicacy of mind have given to the author. From every line comes the soft breath of green pastures where "walk the good shepherds."

Of the sonnets, we doubt the possibility of making good translations into English. No gift of the Muse is more injured by change of form than the Italian sonnet. As those of Petrarch will not bear it, from their infinite grace, those of Dante from their mystic and subtle majesty; so these of Angelo, from the rugged naiveté with which they are struck off from the mind, as huge splinters of stone might be from some vast block, can never be "done into English," as the old translators, with an intelligent modesty, were wont to write of their work. The grand thought is not quite evaporated in the process, but the image of the stern and stately writer is lost. We do not know again such words as "concetto," "superna" in their English representatives.

But since a knowledge of the Italian language is not so common an attainment as could be wished, we ought to be grateful for this attempt to extend the benefit of these noble expressions of the faith which inspired one of the most full and noble lives that has ever redeemed and encouraged man.

Fidelity must be the highest merit of these translations; for not even an Angelo could translate his peer. This, so far as we have looked at them, they seem to possess. And even in the

is this, that he is in a sense a mechanical artist. His figures seem too much made, too little conceived from within outwards. This effect may be attributable to the advanced age at which he embraced literature as a profession. What say you?

TO THE IDEAL.

Ah! what avails it thus to dream of thee,
Thou life above me, and aspire to be
A dweller in thy air serene and pure;
I wake, and must this lower life endure.

Look no more on me with sun-radiant eyes,
Mine droop so dimmed, in vain my weak sense tries
To find the color of this world of clay,—
Its hue has faded, its light died away.

In charity with life, how can I live?
What most I want, does it refuse to give.
Thou, who hast laid this spell upon my soul,
Must be to me henceforth a hope and goal.

Away, thou vision! Now must there be wrought
Armor from life in which may yet be fought
A way to thee,—thy memory shall inspire,
Although thy presence is consuming fire.

As one who may not linger in the halls,
And fair domains of his ancestral home,
Goes forth to labor, yet resolves those walls,
Redeemed, shall see his old age cease to roam.

So exile I myself, thou dream of youth,
Thou castle where my wild thoughts wandered free,
Yet bear a heart, which, through its love and truth,
Shall earn a right to throb its last with thee.

To work! with heart resigned and spirit strong,
Subdue by patient toil Time's heavy wrong;
Through nature's dullest, as her brightest ways
We will march onward, singing to thy praise.

Yet when our souls are in new forms arrayed,
Like thine, immortal, by immortal aid,
And with forgiving blessing stand beside
The clay in which they toiled and long were tried.

When comes that solemn "undetermined" hour,
Light of the soul's light! present be thy power;
And welcome be thou, as a friend who waits
With joy, a soul unsphered at heaven's gates.

RECORD OF THE MONTHS.

Michael Angelo, considered as a Philosophic Poet, with Translations. By JOHN EDWARD TAYLOR. London: Saunders & Otley, Conduit Street. 1840.

WE welcome this little book with joy, and a hope that it may be republished in Boston. It would find, probably, but a small circle of readers, but that circle would be more ready to receive and prize it than the English public, for whom it was intended, if we may judge by the way in which Mr. Taylor, all through his prefatory essay, has considered it necessary to apologize for, or, at least, explain views very commonly received among ourselves.

The essay is interesting from the degree of acquaintance it exhibits with some of those great ones, who have held up the highest aims to the soul, and from the degree of insight which reverence and delicacy of mind have given to the author. From every line comes the soft breath of green pastures where "walk the good shepherds."

Of the sonnets, we doubt the possibility of making good translations into English. No gift of the Muse is more injured by change of form than the Italian sonnet. As those of Petrarch will not bear it, from their infinite grace, those of Dante from their mystic and subtle majesty; so these of Angelo, from the rugged naiveté with which they are struck off from the mind, as huge splinters of stone might be from some vast block, can never be "done into English," as the old translators, with an intelligent modesty, were wont to write of their work. The grand thought is not quite evaporated in the process, but the image of the stern and stately writer is lost. We do not know again such words as "concetto," "superna" in their English representatives.

But since a knowledge of the Italian language is not so common an attainment as could be wished, we ought to be grateful for this attempt to extend the benefit of these noble expressions of the faith which inspired one of the most full and noble lives that has ever redeemed and encouraged man.

Fidelity must be the highest merit of these translations; for not even an Angelo could translate his peer. This, so far as we have looked at them, they seem to possess. And even in the

English dress, we think none, to whom they are new, can read the sonnets,—

"Veggio nel volto tuo col pensier mie."
"S'un casto amor, s'una pietà superna."
"La vita del mio amor non è cuor mio."

and others of the same pure religion, without a delight which shall

"Cast a light upon the day,
A light which will not go away,
A sweet forewarning."

We hope they may have the opportunity. It is a very little book with a great deal in it, and five hundred copies will sell in two years.

We add Mr. Taylor's little preface, which happily expresses his design.

"The remarks on the poetry and philosophy of Michael Angelo, which are prefixed to these translations, have been collected and are now published, in the hope that they may invite the student of literature to trace the relation which unites the efforts of the pure intelligence and the desires of the heart to their highest earthly accomplishment under the complete forms of Art. For the example of so eminent a mind, watched and judged not only by its finished works, but, as it were, in its growth and from its inner source of Love and Knowledge, cannot but enlarge the range of our sympathy for the best powers and productions of man. And if these pages should meet with any readers inclined, like their writer, to seek and to admire the veiled truth and solemn beauty of the elder time, they will add their humble testimony to the fact, that whatever be the purpose and tendencies of the time we live in, we are not all unmindful of the better part of our inheritance in this world."

Select List of Recent Publications.

The Worship of the Soul. A Discourse preached to the Third Congregational Society in Chelsea, at the Dedication of their Chapel, on Sunday Morning, September 13, 1840. By Samuel D. Robbins. Chelsea and Boston: B. H. Greene. 1840. 8vo. pp. 16.

This Discourse is pervaded by a deeper vein of thought than we are wont to look for, or to find in the occasional services of the pulpit. We should rejoice to know that there is any considerable number of persons among the congregations that assemble in the churches for Sabbath worship, who take delight in such simple, fervent, and practical expositions of religious truth as are here set forth. This Discourse, however, indicates more than it unfolds; it is not a complete and harmonious whole; and it will

be read with greater profit by those who watch for every gleam of sun-light, than by those whose eyes are open only to the broadest glare of noon.

The following passage expresses the feelings of many who are accustomed to distinguish between religion, as it existed in the divine idea of Jesus, and the religion which ventures to assume his name, as an exclusive badge at the present day.

"The occasion which assembles us is one of thrilling interest. At a day when the whole aspect of the church and the world seems to present strong tendencies toward revolution; while on all sides men seem to be outgrowing the tyranny of forms, and overleaping all former barriers which have been raised between themselves and perfect freedom, we come to consecrate this temple to the worship of the Father of our Spirits, and thus bear our humble testimony that we can find in Christian usages, and the Christian's faith, all that we need for our mental and spiritual advancement in the path to heaven. We feel, however others may consider the subject, that in the Bible and in the Saviour, are revealed to us Infinite Truths, which man can never outgrow, which as yet the world have scarcely imagined. And although we do not believe that the Christianity of Society, or the Christianity of the Church, as they appear in the present age, are by any means perfect, we do feel that the Christianity of Jesus is perfect, perpetual, and eternal: that the age will never arrive when man cannot draw from the fountain of God's truth, the waters of life and salvation." — pp. 3, 4.

The characteristics of Christianity, as described by Mr. Robbins, and the offices of the church, are worthy of attention. In reading this statement, we cannot but be struck with the incongruity between the ideal church of the preacher, and the actual church of modern society.

"I have said that Christianity is emphatically the science of the soul; and I regard this view of the religion of Jesus as infinitely important. We have our Universities and our Schools which are instituted for the purpose of teaching and explaining the natural sciences and the philosophy of the intellect. But the Church is consecrated only to the higher purposes of instruction in the knowledge of the human heart and conscience; in the mysteries of the soul, its laws and duties and destiny. We gather ourselves into this holy place to learn those mighty truths which relate to God and man. We come up hither from the world and its trials and dangers to listen to the wisdom of Jesus, and learn those deep lessons of faith and obedience and love, by which we are to become ripened daily into the image of Infinite Holiness.

"There is a higher life than that which most spirits live. A higher love than most spirits know. There is an infinity in the human soul which few have yet believed, and after which few have aspired. There is a lofty power of moral principle in the depths of our nature, which is nearly allied to omnipotence; compared with which the whole force of outward nature is more feeble than an infant's grasp. There is a might within the soul which sets at nought all outward things; and there is a joy unspeakable and full of glory, dwelling in the recesses of the good man's heart too vast for utterance. There is a spiritual

insight to which the pure soul reaches, more clear and prophetic, more wide and vast than all telescopic vision can typify. There is a faith in God and a clear perception of his will and designs and Providence and Glory, which gives to its possessor a confidence and patience and sweet composure, under every varied and troublous aspect of events, such as no man can realize, who has not felt its influences in his own heart. There is a communion with God in which the soul feels the presence of the unseen One, in the profound depths of its being, with a vivid distinctness, and a holy reverence, such as no word can describe. There is a state of union of spirit with God, I do not say often reached, yet it has been attained in this world, in which all the past and present, and future seem reconciled, and Eternity is won and enjoyed; and God and man, earth and heaven with all their mysteries are apprehended in truth, as they lie in the mind of the Infinite. But the struggle with most beings is to spiritualize the actual, to make those things which are immediately around them subserve the higher interests of their immortal nature; and finding that it is almost impossible to do this, they faint in the way, and postpone to a future life that higher being which their thought apprehends, and their hearts long for, but cannot reach. Hence it is that the advanced powers of the soul of which I have been speaking are not believed to exist for us, in this world at least; and therefore the few who will strive for them, because they dare not compromise their highest thought and life and love, are looked upon as spiritual star-gazers, as visionaries dwelling amid the beautiful creations of their own ardent hearts. Hence it is that in our age the Church and its highest influences is needed, to declare to the wide world those precious promises which are destined to carry comfort and peace to the deepest emotions of the struggling soul; to speak to all men everywhere in the name of Jesus, teaching them that the highest and loveliest visions which the human mind in its most rapt hour of aspiration, has enjoyed of Truth and Life, of Holiness and Love of duty and denial of growth and glory of Faith and God, are only the faintest sketches of that reality which Christianity has brought to light." — pp. 9 - 11.

The Envoy from Free Hearts to the Free. Pawtucket, R. I. 1840. 12mo. pp. 112.

A Voice from the Prison, being Articles addressed to the Editor of the New Bedford Mercury; and a Letter to G. B. Weston, Esq., and other Directors of the Duxbury Bank. To which are added Leaves from a Journal. By B. Rodman. New Bedford: Benjamin Lindsey. 1840. pp. 62. 8vo.

Here is a new chapter in the literature of prisons. Since the secrets of St. Pelagie and Clichy have been brought to light, by the powerful pen of M. Barthelemy Maurice, we need not ask of what materials this literature must consist. It is a record of human nature, under strange and fearful circumstances, a lucid commentary on the depravation of man and the boasted wisdom of society; and should be faithfully studied by every friend of the happiness and improvement of his race. The present work has the advantage of being autobiographical. It is a record of per-

sonal experience. It unveils the interior of the debtor's prison in Massachusetts, as it appears to one who has enjoyed a seat in her councils, and been a prince among her merchants. The author is a gentleman of liberal education and refined habits; once the possessor of an ample fortune, and distinguished for the extent as well as the rectitude of his transactions in business; a shrewd observer of men and things; and with a quick perception of facts, and with as quick a sympathy with suffering, well qualified to become the tenant of a prison for the benefit of the public. Those who have known him in what might be deemed better days, will regard him with still more honor, as they read his almost picturesque descriptions of life in prison; and the testimony, he has here left on record against some of the most crying evils of the day, cannot fail to produce a deep impression, both on account of the facts with which it is sustained, and the source from which it proceeds.

Emancipation. By William E. Channing. Boston: E. P. Peabody. 1840. pp. 111. 12mo.

History of the United States from the Discovery of the American Continent. By George Bancroft. Vol. III. Boston: Charles C. Little and James Brown. 1840. 8vo. pp. 468.

Grandfather's Chair: A History for Youth. By Nathaniel Hawthorne, Author of Twice Told Tales. Boston: E. P. Peabody. New York: Wiley and Putnam. 1840.

We are glad to see this gifted author employing his pen to raise the tone of children's literature; for if children read at all, it is desirable that it should be the productions of minds able to raise themselves to the height of childhood's innocence, and to the airy home of their free fancy. No one of all our imaginative writers has indicated a genius at once so fine and rich, and especially with a power so peculiar in making present the past scenes of our own history. There is nothing in this volume quite equal to the sketch of "Endicott and his Men," in one of the Tokens. But the ease with which he changes his tone from the delicate satire that characterizes his writings for the old, to the simpler and more venerable tone appropriate to his earnest *little* auditors, is an earnest of the perfect success which will attend this new direction of his powers. We are glad to learn that he is engaged in other writings for the little friends, whom he has made in such multitudes by Grandfather's Chair. Yet we must demand from him to write again to the older and sadder, and steep them in the deep well of his sweet, humorsome musings.

The Little Dove. By Krummacher. Boston: Weeks, Jordan, and Co. 1840.

Here also is another book for the young from the pen of genius. The religious simplicity of this little story is invaluable in an age of formulas. There is nothing fanciful in the fiction, and yet it

is free from everything vulgar and mean; and the humanity which might redeem the world is called forth towards the animal creation, unmingled with any mawkish sensibility.

Knight's Miscellanies. London: C. Knight and Co. 1840.

This is a series of curious works, of which are published, —

I. Davis's Chinese; or General Description of China and its inhabitants; in which is given an account of the English intercourse from earliest times to the present, a geographical description of China, a summary of its history; the principle and actual administration of its government; its legislation; institutions, manners, and customs. This work is also illustrated with sixty illustrations, which materially help the descriptions.

II. The English Causes Celebres. The actual trials of Count Konigsmark in 1682; the Turners, 1664; Robert Hawkins, 1669; the great Huntingdonshire case of Day *vs.* Day, 1797; Philip, Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery, 1678; the Perrys, 1661; Arthur Norkott, 1628; Philip Handsfred, 1688; all for capital crimes. These trials not only present a rich fund for the knowledge of human nature, but are admirable illustrations of the manners and customs of the times.

III. The Pastor Letters. These are private letters from various persons of consequence, on all familiar subjects, during the reigns of Henry VI, Edward IV, and Richard III. A very curious book.

Architecture of the Heavens. By Professor Nichol. Edinburgh. 1839.

This work gives the result of the last observations of the Herschels, and a general view of the universe, as at present appreciated by astronomical science. It is full of facts, new to the public, and in its general effect magnificent as a poem. It is a series of letters to a lady, written in a very agreeable style, perhaps sometimes a little too *fine*, and yet the mood into which the reader is put by it, explains the inevitable exaltation of the author, in his solitude among the stars.

The Solar System. By the same author.

The Structure of the Earth. Also by the same author.

We wonder that some of our publishers do not republish these remarkable works. It is most desirable that they should also be illustrated like the Edinburgh editions; and could not these same illustrations be imported for the American editions?

Poetry, Romance, and Rhetoric, being the articles under these heads, contained in the Encyclopedia Brittanica. Seventh Edition. Edinburgh: 1839.

The two first of these treatises are by George Moir, the Professor of Rhetoric in Edinburgh University, and the "Delta" of Blackwood's Magazine; and the last was written by William Spalding, esq.

The History of English Poetry. By Thomas Warton. Three Volumes. London: 1840.

This is a new edition, republished from Dr. Price's edition of 1824, and enriched by new notes and editorial matter.

A Letter to the Human Race. By A Brother. London: 1840.

Religion and Crime; or the Distress of the People and the Remedies. Third Edition. By John M. Morgan. London: 1840.

Religion and Education in America; with Notices of the State and Prospects of American Unitarianism, Popery, and African Colonization. By John D. Lang. London: 1840.

Ecclesiastical Chronology; or Annals of the Christian Church from its Foundation to the present Time; to which are added Lists of Councils, and of Popes, Patriarchs, and Archbishops of Canterbury. By the Rev. J. C. Riddle, M. A. London: Longman, Orme, and Co. 1840. 8vo.

The Poetical Works of Thomas Moore, Esq. Collected and Edited by himself, with New Notes, &c. To be completed in Ten Monthly Volumes. London: 8vo.

Human Physiology, Part the Third, comprising the Generation, Growth, Decay, and Varieties of Mankind. With an Appendix on Mesmerism. Last Part. By John Elliotson, M. D. London.

The Natural History of Society in the Barbarous and Civilized State; an Essay towards discovering the Origin and Course of Human Improvement. By W. Cooke Taylor, Esq., LL. D., M. R. A. S. London: Two Volumes. 8vo.

Lectures on Natural Philosophy. By the Rev. James William McGauley, Professor of Natural Philosophy to the National Board of Education. London.

Organic Chemistry, in its Applications to Agriculture and Physiology. By Dr. Justus Liebig, F. R. S., Professor of Chemistry in the University of Giessen. Edited from the Manuscript of the Author, by Lyon Playfair, Ph. D. 8vo. London: Taylor and Walton.

"This work is written with a rare degree of sagacity, and is full of immediate practical applications of incalculable importance. From its appearance we may date a new era in agriculture, and the imagination cannot conceive the amount of improvement which may be expected from the application of the principles here developed." — *Dr. W. Gregory, British Association, Glasgow.*

Elements of Chemistry; including the Recent Discoveries and Doctrine of the Science. By the late Edward Turner, M. D. Seventh edition. Edited by Justus Liebig, M. D., and William Gregory, M. D., of King's College, Aberdeen. 8vo.

Organic Chemistry. By Professor Liebig. Edited by Wilton G. Turner, Ph. D., and Professor Gregory, M. D. Forming the

third and concluding part of the sixth edition of Turner's Chemistry. Part Third.

The Autobiography of Archibald Hamilton Rowan, Esq., with Additions and Illustratious by W. Hamilton Drummond, D. D. 8vo. London.

The Life and Times of Saint Cyprian. By the Rev. George Ayliffe Poole, M. A. 8vo. London.

Die Lehre vom christlichen Kultus, nach den Grundsätzen der evangelischen Kirche in wissenschaftlichen Zusammenhange dargestellt von Karl Wilhelm Vetter. Berlin. 8vo.

Wilhelm Heinse's sämmtliche Schriften. Herausgegeben von Heinrich Laube. Zehn Bände. Leipzig.

Grundsätze des Kirchenrechts der Katholischen und evangelischen Religionsparthei in Deutschland von Karl Freidrich Eichhorn.

Daub's philosophische und theologische Vorlesungen, herausgegeben von Ph. Marheineke und Th. W. Dittenberger. Vierter Baud. System der theologischen Moral. Erster Theil.

The reputation of Daub, unlike that of most German theologians, appears to be increasing since his death. He was a scholar of almost universal accomplishments, a deep and subtle thinker, especially on subjects connected with the philosophy of religion, and a singularly just and candid inquirer on problems of speculative science; but his style is so shaded with the obscurity which few of Hegel's followers have escaped, that his works can hardly command a general interest, even in his own country. They form a curious study, however, and one not altogether without attractions to the theologian.

Die Kirchenverfassung nach Lehre und Recht der Protestantten. Von Dr. Freid. Tul. Stahl.

Lebensnachrichten über G. B. Niebühr aus Briefen desselben und aus Errinneruńgen einiger seiner nächsten Freunde. Drei Bäude. Hamburg: Perthes.

This is a complete and very satisfactory biography of the celebrated historian. Its interest is much enhanced by the addition of a copious selection from his correspondence.

Franz Passow's Leben und Briefe. Eingeleitet von Dr. Ludwig Wachler. Breslaw.

Passow is worthy to be mentioned in company with Voss and Jacobs, as one of the most distinguished classical scholars of whom German literature can boast. His labors in Greek lexicography give him a conspicuous place in the history of philology. His personal character presents great attractions for the contemplation of the literary man; and we rejoice that he has found a biographer to do justice to his memory, with so much truth and beauty as characterize the present work.